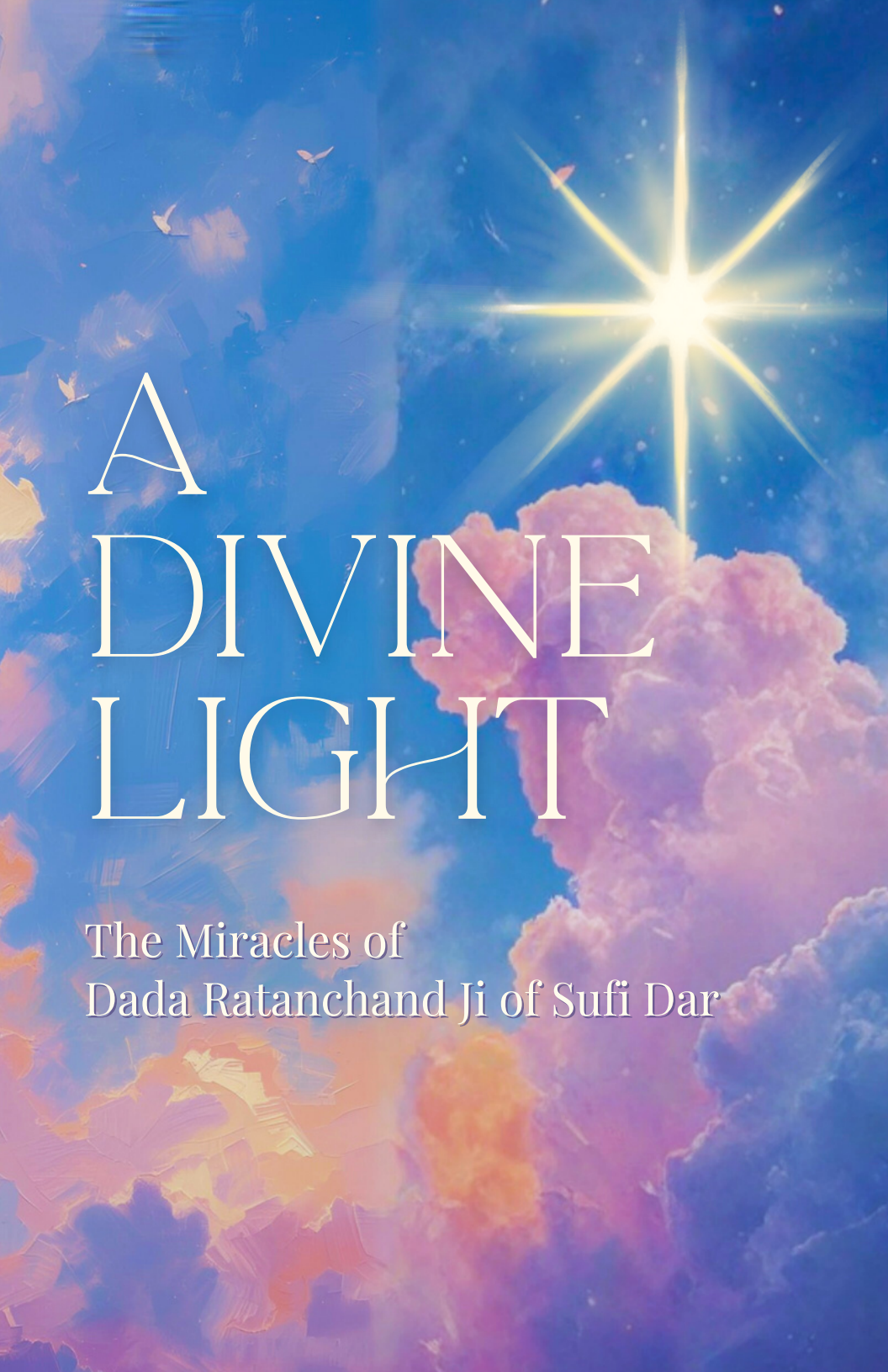
A
DIVINE
LIGHT
The Miracles of
Dada Ratanchand Ji of Sufi Dar

A Divine Light

THE MIRACLES OF
DADA RATANCHAND
OF SUFI DAR

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PUJ SHAHENSHAH BABA NEBHRAJ SAHIB, ROHIRI (SINDH)

OM SHANTI

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INTRODUCTION

Puj Dada Ratanchand Sahib (Dadaji), the founder-father of Sufi Dar, was born on 4 November 1926 to Rukmini Devi and Bhai Pessumal Dodani in Hyderabad, Sindh.

For five years Rukmini Devi and Bhai Pessumal yearned for children.

Dadaji's maternal grandfather, Bhai Hemandas Chatlani, had great faith in Sain Qutub Ali Shah Badshah and would visit him regularly. One day, he placed his turban at Badshah Sain's feet (as a mark of respect and humility) and humbly prayed for his daughter to be blessed with a baby boy.

Badshah Sain felt so pleased to hear the plea and petition of his dear devotee that he said: "I will send one of my own".

Soon after, Rukmini Devi gave birth to a son who was named Ratan. Sadly, she passed away when Dadaji was only two years old, and so Bhai Hemandas became Dadaji's primary parent.

Behind Dadaji's home in Hyderabad stood the dargah of Yaari-Wara-Peer, a powerful saint.

Before going to school each morning, Dadaji would sweep and clean the dargah. Bhai Hemandas had successfully sown the seeds of religious fervour in Dadaji's young mind. Unlike his friends, the young Ratan preferred to spend his time in the company of saints and dervishes.

Dadaji received an inner voice, a means of communication with the divine, at the tender age of 22.

Rather than renouncing ordinary life in pursuit of the spiritual path, he continued his prayers and meditation alongside his duties as a father and breadwinner, working at a textiles shop. His wife, Bhabhi Radha, and family (two sons and four daughters) lived in Delhi while he worked across India before devoting all his time and energy to Sufi Dar in Chennai.

Dadaji began working in 1945 at Kishinchand Chellaram, a textiles company in Bombay (now Mumbai). He was subsequently transferred to the company's branches in Benaras (Varanasi), Jaipur and Delhi.

In 1953, he joined Vensimal Kalachand, another textiles company, in Delhi. During this period, Dadaji met Puj Baba Gopaldas Sahib and became a regular devotee at Darvesh Asthan in Delhi's Majnu-ka-Tilla colony, where the sacred *samadhi* of Puj Shahenshah Baba Nebhraj Sahib stands. Pleased with his devotion, Puj Baba Gopaldas asked Dadaji to meditate in the ghufa (cave-like entrance to Puj Baba's *samadhi*), especially on Saturday nights.

Later, Dadaji was transferred by Vensimal Kalachand to Bombay, and then to Calcutta (Kolkata). In Calcutta, he established a small temple, which still exists, called "Dukh Bhanjan Darbar", (an abode which removes all sorrows).

Eventually, he was sent to establish a new branch of Vensimal Kalachand in Madras (Chennai). He retired in 1988.

Throughout his life, Dadaji paid homage to the Sufi saints of Sindh and West Punjab.

During his stay in Madras, Dadaji met Dr Hariram Sahib, the son and successor of Dr Rochaldas Sahib from Ulhasnagar. Dr Rochaldas Sahib was also a devoted follower of Sain Qutab Ali Shah Badshah.

Dadaji requested Dr Hariram Sahib for initiation (*naam*), and was immediately accepted as his disciple. Dr Hariram Sahib revealed that he had been summoned by divine spirits to visit Madras specifically to give Dadaji *naam*.

Dadaji set up Sufi Dar Trust in honour of Puj Baba.

First, he set up a small temple on Waltax Road, where around 40 devotees would regularly attend spiritual gatherings. As the congregation of devotees grew, Dadaji moved the temple to its present site in Mylapore.

Dadaji was able to draw to Sufi Dar and to himself, disciples and devotees in large numbers. He was the spirit of love and devotion, the very picture of dedication and selfless service.

Sufi Dar provided a unique sanctuary, not only for the people of Chennai, but also for followers scattered across India and around the world. Dadaji was a source of inspiration to devotees and served them as a friend, philosopher, guide, and above all, a master and guru.

His compassion was not restricted only to human beings. It included defenceless creatures, birds and animals. Today devotees and *sevadharis* continue to feed animals as part of the dargah's rituals.

From time to time, distinguished saints and eminent personalities would visit Sufi Dar. They joined in the spiritual gatherings and discussed various topics with devotees.

Dada Jashan Vaswani, the spiritual head of the Sadhu Vaswani Mission, paid a visit to Sufi Dar each time he made a trip to Chennai. On one occasion, he told devotees, with reference to Dadaji: "Blessed are you, for you have among you a being who is the beloved of God; a dervish and who is humility personified. You are indeed blessed as you enjoy the privilege of meeting over and over again one who is in touch with God. Fortunate are you to receive his blessings".

Devotees often express the joy and peace they feel at Sufi Dar as they take part in rituals, sing *bhajans* and pray before the many Gods, Goddesses and saints who reside there.

After their prayers and meditation at the dargah, people would wait eagerly to see Dadaji, bowing down to touch his feet and seek his blessings. They would often gather in Dadaji's living room in the evening to hear his *pravachan* (sermon) into the early hours of the morning. People would be enraptured, mesmerised as he regaled stories of Gods, saints, scriptures and sometimes his own experiences.

Through his meditation and spiritual dedication, Dadaji developed an ability to channel the vibrations of, and open communication with, a higher power. His spiritual devotion led him to advise and guide people.

Devotees would flock to him; fly from around the world or call him with numerous requests; to judge the character of potential suitors for their sons and daughters; with issues about employees who had gone on strike; for blessings before school exams, for business advice; to resolve marital disputes; and much more.

Many of his followers would consult him before taking any action – buying a car or property, going on holiday, undertaking a new business venture – such was their faith in his prophecy.

Dadaji's advice often included a "*dus*" – an action ordained by divine spirits to be taken to resolve the issue at hand. Some were straightforward – for example, burning incense before a picture of a particular deity for one week, or chanting a particular mantra for five minutes every morning. Others appeared bizarre. Throwing bricks at one's own shuttered factory door to resolve employee discontent, or washing keys in milk to bring good luck for a trade show. To a non-believer, and indeed many believers, such advice generated scepticism. It was difficult to understand the connection between a problem and the *dus* given.

Over time, many people developed deep faith in Dadaji's words of wisdom and advice. He was considered an elevated soul, God-like to many. He preached simple yet powerful messages of patience, surrender and faith in the almighty. All paths lead to one, he would say, whether you believed in Krishna, Guru Nanak, Jesus, Allah, or other deities. "God is great", he would say. "Prayer is must".

He admired discipline and expected this of Sufi Dar devotees. *Sevadharis* – those granted the privilege and responsibility of duties in the dargah, such as cleaning, cooking and decorating, were expected to dress neatly, arrive promptly to fulfil their duties, and do so with humility.

Dadaji, the crusader of love and divinity, merged with the Lord on 25 November 2013.

For many believers, Dadaji's passing left a huge vacuum.

He was perceived as a guru, a guiding light, a shining star, emanating divine energy, kindness, warmth and generosity. Followers expressed deep sadness, a sense of hopelessness and feelings of being lost. They could no longer confide in Dadaji, turn to him for advice and blessings or seek his counsel to relieve the burdens they shouldered.

This is a book of the miracles recounted by Sufi Dar devotees and Dadaji's followers. It is by no means exhaustive; there are dozens of accounts which have yet to be documented. In the original notes as in real life, Dadaji is referred to with respect and affection in a variety of ways – Puj Dadaji, Dada Sain, *Murshid*, etc. For ease of reading and to ensure consistency, each of the notes refers simply to "Dadaji", and to "Puj Baba" when referring to Shahenshah Baba Nebraj Sahib.

Huq Maujood Sada Maujood

Sufi Dar

JAI DADA SAIN

PUJ SHAHENSHAH BABA NEBHRAJ SAHIB JI

Shahenshah Baba Nebhraj Sahib (Puj Baba) was born on 13th August 1875 in Rohiri, a small town on the banks of the Sindhu River in the Sukkur district of Sindh.

When he was five and a half years old, Puj Baba's parents, Bhai Issardas and Devi Chaina Bhatia, sent him to primary school.

Puj Baba was a studious child whose amiable nature and hard work earned him praise from his teachers and neighbours.

He was also spiritually inclined from a very young age. He was six years old when he met Sain Bekas, a Sufi saint whose poetry and lyrical mastery were rich in mysticism. Sain Bekas blessed Puj Baba and ignited a divine light in him which burned brightly throughout his life.

Constantly drawn to saints and deities, Puj Baba often visited the shrine of Beydil Shah, a saint and poet, and the father of Sain Bekas. In addition, he met Sain Paru Shah and Sain Vasan Shah.

Puj Baba enjoyed visiting Kalka Devi, a temple dedicated to Goddess Kali, five miles away from Rohri. One year, he attended a mela held there and bought a prayer book, which he recited every day for nearly three years. By the end, he was blessed with a vision of Goddess Kali.

When Puj Baba was in his late teens, his father passed away. To support his mother, Puj Baba began work as a primary school teacher. He would dress in a turban, trousers and a black coat made from alvaka cloth. Puj Baba put his heart and soul into teaching, and his students achieved remarkable results.

The school headmaster, Dewan Gokuldas Keswani, was impressed with Puj Baba, but noted that he regularly arrived late to class. He asked why this was and Puj Baba replied, "The strings of my life are in the hands of God. I move as he pulls them."

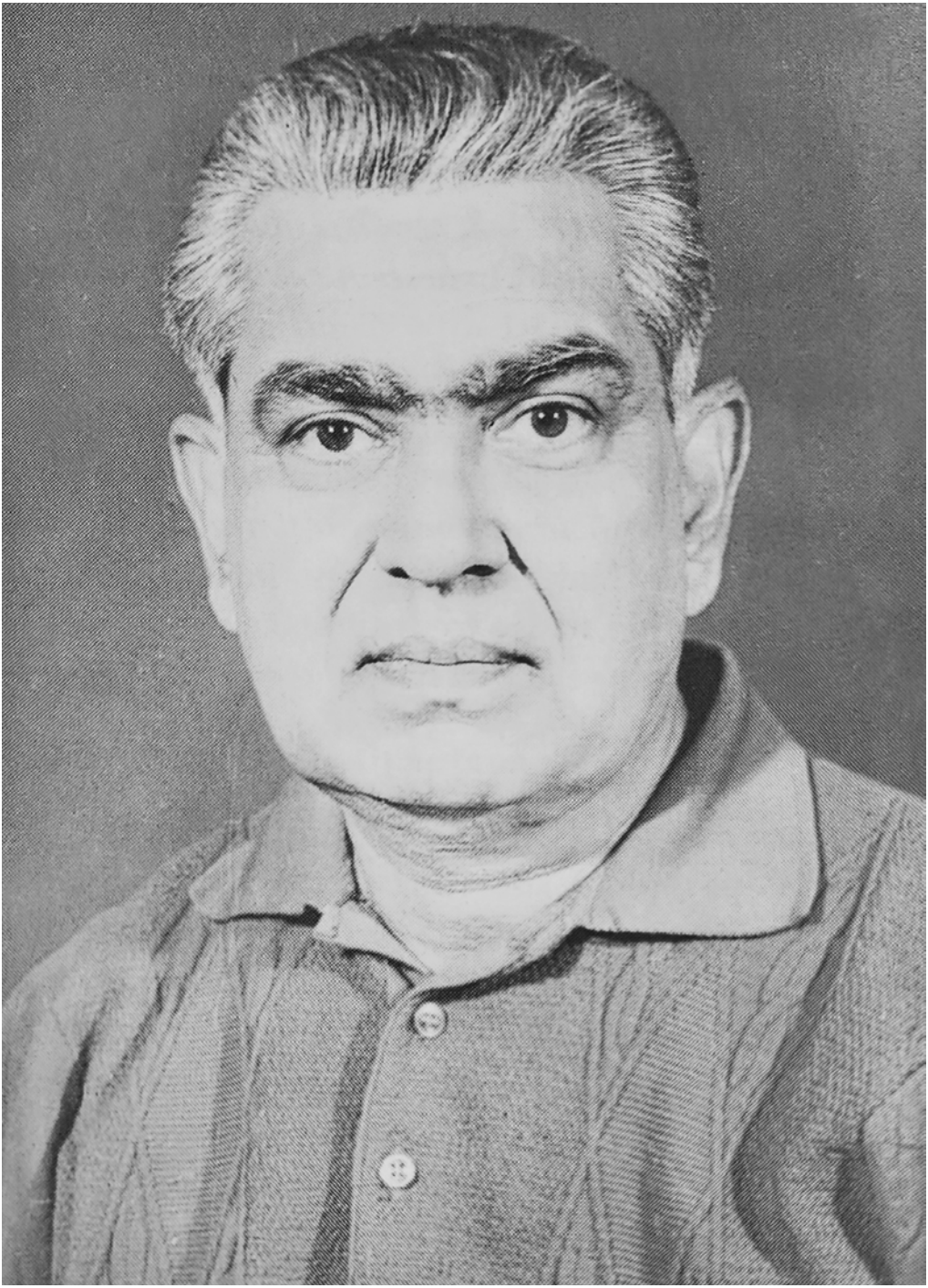
Puj Baba's colleagues were jealous of the strong professional relationship he enjoyed with headmaster Keswani. They removed some important documents from the school, reported them missing, and blamed their disappearance on Puj Baba's carelessness.

When the headmaster asked Puj Baba about the missing papers, he immediately produced them. His colleagues were stunned and apologised profusely to Puj Baba, realising that he was protected by higher powers.

As time went on, Puj Baba devoted more hours to prayer and meditation. He would rise early, bathe in the river and return home to continue praying. He would become so lost in meditation that he would frequently lose track of time.

On one of these occasions in 1911, Puj Baba arrived very late for the annual school inspection. The educational officer went to Puj Baba's class and finished his inspection before Baba's arrival. The officer reported that he was satisfied with Puj Baba's teaching and the performance of his students. Puj Baba realised that God had taken his form and saved him from disciplinary action. His faith multiplied and it was then that he decided to dedicate his life entirely to spirituality.

Puj Baba resigned that day, quietly left his home and went to live in a forest. He performed miracles and provided comfort and blessings to those in despair. He became a source of inspiration and healing, guiding his disciples towards the oneness of divinity.



Dr. R. M. Hari
Dadaji's Murshid

SHANTI GHAR

SHANTI GHAR

During the 1980s, religious celebrations at Sufi Dar would begin after dusk and continue into the early hours of the morning.

Dadaji would often spend long periods at the dargah during this time, and chose this room, which he christened “Shanti Ghar”, as a place to rest briefly while the celebrations were ongoing.

In his later years, Dadaji used this room as a storage space for his belongings.

Today, Shanti Ghar displays memorable photos of Dadaji along with some of the items he used on a daily basis.

Devotees and visitors experience serenity and tranquility here as the literal translation of Shanti Ghar is “house of peace”.

DADAJI'S GRACE
A CHRONICLE OF MIRACLES

AN INNER VOICE

In 1946, Dadaji and Bhabhiji were blessed with a son whom they named Lal.

Dadaji had immense faith in Rajaveer Sain and had promised to do *seva* for 40 days at the dargah after being blessed with a child. At that time, Dadaji travelled frequently on work, but determined to fulfil his vow, he packed his bags for the dargah. Dadaji's grandmother asked him to stay with Bhabiji as he had only just returned from a long work trip. Dadaji's father told her not to worry and reassured her that he would return soon.

Dadaji arrived at Rajaveer Sain's dargah and began to do his *seva*.

The dargah attracted many devotees from Balochistan. Two elderly devotees were staying in the room next door to Dadaji's. One day, Dadaji noticed that the elderly men looked extremely anxious and were pacing back and forth. He asked them if they needed any help. The men replied, "*Tum bachha humari kya madad karega, tum jao*" ("You are so young, how will you help us? Run along").

Dadaji waited a while and asked them again if he could be of any help. The men explained that they had lost their room key and were unable to open the door. Dadaji then received an inner voice from Rajaveer Sain to remove his slippers and hit the lock. Dadaji did so, and magically, the lock opened. The elderly men were shocked to see this and Dadaji with a smile turned to walk towards his room. Both men insisted that Dadaji explain how he opened the door. They understood that he was not an ordinary man and was able to communicate with Rajaveer Sain.

Another time, a lady came to the dargah to pray for her son's exams. Dadaji was praying there at the same time. He received an inner voice from Rajaveer Sain to tell the lady that her wishes would be fulfilled. He did so. She was quite surprised and asked Dadaji how he knew what she was praying for. Dadaji replied that Rajaveer Sain had asked him to communicate this message.

After a few days, Ammaji, who looked after the dargah, told Dadaji, *"Aapki hazri qabool ho gayi hai; ab aap apne ghar ja sakte hain"* (Your attendance has been acknowledged and accepted by Rajaveer Sain and you can now go back to your family). Dadaji was unsure of this as he hadn't yet completed his 40 days.

Ammaji said if she was able to tell him why he had come in the first place, then he must promise to return home. Dadaji agreed, and Ammaji said that he had made a vow to stay after being blessed with a child. Hearing this, Dadaji prayed to Rajaveer Sain for his blessings and bowed down to Ammaji before returning home. As his father had predicted, Dadaji returned home much sooner than expected.

Devotee

DADA BHERUMAL

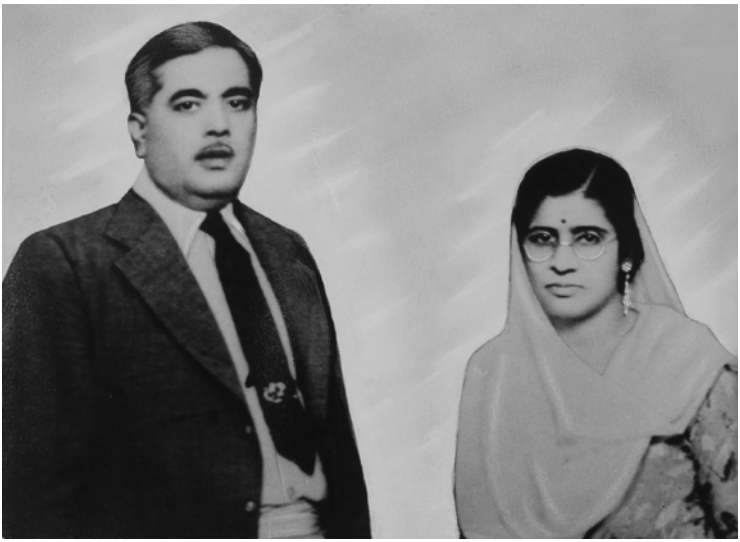
Dadaji's uncle, Bhai Berumal, owned a textile shop in Nagpur and would sell around ₹250-300 worth of merchandise each day. For a few years, Dadaji worked at his uncle's shop.

Sales increased dramatically after Dadaji began working at the shop. One particular lady became a regular customer and would buy fabric in bulk. One day, Dadaji asked the lady: "What do you do with so much material?" To this, the lady replied, "*Mere bhole bhai* (my innocent brother), you just do your business; you are getting your money".

Dadaji received a letter from his father asking if work was going well. He sent a response confirming that things were good and mentioned that the shop's daily revenue was ₹2,500-3,000 each day.

While Dadaji's father read the letter, one of his relatives commented that Dadaji had added an extra zero onto the sales figure by mistake, as Bhai Berumal made no more than ₹250-300 per day. Dadaji's father asked Bhai Bherumal if this was true. Bhai Bherumal replied that Dadaji's note was accurate; daily sales had skyrocketed 10 times after Dadaji had started working at the store.

Dadaji began his daily routine with morning prayers at the shop after which he would deal with customers. He would eat his breakfast around 1.30pm and have lunch at 5pm. As sales increased, he started to have his breakfast first, attend to customers and then do his prayers. This affected his sales and the lady who purchased items regularly stopped coming to the shop.



Bhai Bherumal asked Dadaji what had happened and why the sales figures had decreased. Upon discovering that Dadaji had modified his routine so he could pray after eating his breakfast and seeing his customers, Bhai Berumal told him to go back to his previous routine – first pray and then carry on with other tasks.

Dadaji did as his uncle advised and sales increased the very next day. Even the lady who stopped coming to the shop returned. When asked why she had disappeared, she said she had started shopping at another store.

Devotee

DUKH BHANJAN DARBAR

Dadaji lived with his brother-in-law, Motiram, in Kolkata for a few years during his working life.

One day, Dadaji said he had a craving for *sana pakora* (deep fried onion fritters). The family told Dadaji that they had no oil in which to fry the *pakoras*, nor did they have the money to purchase it. Dadaji told his sister-in-law to fill an empty container of oil with water and cover it with a lid. After a few minutes, the family was surprised to find the water had turned into oil.

Dadaji gave the family a bag and asked them to keep their earnings in it. He also told them to take out whatever money they needed, but without ever looking inside the bag. With Dadaji's blessings, the family began to earn money. After a few years, out of curiosity, they decided to open the bag to see how much they had accumulated. To their dismay, the bag was empty. The family had not followed Dadaji's advice and thus had to start from scratch.

* * *

In the small room Dadaji was given, he created an altar which he called Dukh Bhanjan Darbar.

There was a couple in Kolkata with three daughters. One of the daughters suffered from severe headaches. She tried a number of medications, but none were able to cure her pain. The family asked Dadaji for his help and he told the girl to rub her head on the step of Dukh Bhanjan Darbar for a few days. The girl did so and to her amazement, her headaches disappeared.

Later, the father of the girl was hospitalised due to some internal bleeding. The doctors advised him to undergo immediate surgery. The family rushed to Dadaji for his blessings. He gave them a *dus* to do and soon the bleeding stopped and the father was discharged from hospital.

The family's faith in Puj Baba and Dadaji grew so much that wherever they went, they would carry a photo of Puj Baba, and perform his *aarti* every Saturday.

* * *

There was a washroom near Dukh Bhanjan *Darbar*. Devotees who visited the darbar used the washroom, but never cleaned it. Dadaji would pour endless buckets of water to keep the washroom clean.

One day, a lady approached Dadaji and asked that he bless her daughter, who was academically weak, so she would pass her exams. Dadaji asked her to pour a bucket of water in the washroom. At first, the lady hesitated, but later agreed to do so. Her daughter eventually passed her exams with good marks and it was then that word spread and many devotees approached Dadaji with their problems.

Dadaji blessed each one and asked them only to pour a bucket of water in the washroom. A time came when devotees in large numbers began coming to pour buckets of water and gain blessings.

A lady who was unable to conceive approached Dadaji for his blessings. Dadaji asked her to mop the darbar daily and to bathe with that water. The lady soon conceived and went on to become a mother of five children.

* * *

On the occasion of *Gurpurab,* Dadaji made ₹30 worth of *kheer* (rice pudding). However, he was surprised to see more devotees than expected. How would one pot of *kheer* be enough for so many devotees?

Dadaji received an inner voice from Puj Baba instructing him to put his hand in the boiling *kheer* and say a prayer. Dadaji was reluctant, but finally decided to follow Puj Baba's command. He arranged for a towel and a bucket full of water, fearing that he would burn his hand after putting it into the boiling *kheer*. He put his hand in the *kheer*, lifted it out and then quickly immersed it in the cold water.

Dadaji had no scars, and miraculously, there was suddenly so much *kheer* that even after every devotee was served, there was still an enormous quantity left. In fact, it lasted for three days and was distributed among the poor.

A lady who discovered that Dadaji had spent only ₹30 on the *kheer*, requested him to make it again, and offered to pay him for it. He told her that even if she paid ₹30,000 he wouldn't be able to make it again. "Who told you I made the *kheer*?" he asked the lady. "I never made it, Baba did".

* * *

A lady lived in, and owned, the premises next door to Dukh Bhanjan Darbar. She decided to vacate the place because she was unable to conceive after 16 years of marriage. She had purchased a new house and planned to move there. The lady requested Dadaji to accept her property as an offering, asking him to use it as an extension of Dukh Bhanjan Darbar.

Dadaji agreed and exactly six months later, the lady conceived. She visited Dadaji and thanked him for his blessings. Dadaji said: "Param Puj Shahenshah Baba Sahib ji never keeps anything that belongs to anyone and always returns the favour. You had given him your property with devotion and in return, he has blessed you with a child."

This incident proves Dadaji's words:

Nek dil murad haasil (With a sincere and kind heart, you can have your wishes fulfilled)

Paak nazar deedar haasil (With pure eyes, you can have a vision of God)

Devotee

FROM MARBLE TO MURSHID

When Puj Baba's marble statue first arrived at Sufi Dar, a few people from the company Godrej were asked to help lift the statue onto its pedestal. The statue was so heavy that the people tied a rope around Puj Baba's stomach in order to lift it.

Alarmed, Dadaji asked the people, "What are you doing?"

They replied, "How else will we will lift the statue?"

"Do as I tell you," said Dadaji.

He then put his hand under Puj Baba's head and miraculously, Puj Baba's statue stood on its own. A number of *sevadharis* witnessed this miracle.

After Puj Baba's *pran pratishtha puja*, Dadaji was supposed to put *tilak* on Puj Baba's forehead as without this, the *puja* would be incomplete. Puj Baba, through an inner voice told Dadaji not to apply the *tilak*, but Dadaji proceeded to do so after much force from the *pandit* presiding over the ceremony. After completing the *puja*, Dadaji took a soft white cloth and tried to remove the *tilak*.

The mark would not go, so Dadaji rubbed Puj Baba's forehead a little harder, but still the mark remained. After a few hours, a *sevadhari* (Ram) rushed anxiously to Dadaji to report that someone had ruined Puj Baba's statue. Dadaji quickly went to the dargah and saw that Puj Baba's forehead had become black.

Dadaji prayed and said, "*Maafi, maafi*! (forgive me) How will this mark go away?"

Puj Baba replied, "It will take one month to go. You thought of me as a stone ... I am an old man not a stone." The black mark disappeared exactly one month later as witnessed by many *sevadharis*.

DON'T SMOKE TODAY

In the past Dadaji would often travel on buses in India. He would always take Puj Baba's photo with him on these journeys. On one trip, Dadaji was about to keep Puj Baba's photo on the luggage rack above the seats when he received an inner voice saying "Don't keep me up there".

Dadaji asked in response, "then how will I smoke?"

Puj Baba replied, "That is up to you; keep me in your hands."

Dadaji complied. After a few minutes, the bus met with an accident, crashing into another bus on the side where Dadaji was sitting.

Surprisingly, Dadaji was not hurt. Puj Baba had saved his beloved son. Dadaji would ordinarily rest his elbow on the window in order to smoke and so would have injured himself in the accident, but in this instance he was holding onto Puj Baba's photo.

When Dadaji saw Puj Baba's photo later that day, it was completely black. Puj Baba told Dadaji "This is why I told you not to smoke".

* This photo can be seen in the Prasad room at Sufi Dar

Narrated by Sonu Moolchandani
Chennai, India

BLESSED DAUGHTER

In 1989, I decided to visit India with my kids. I had to travel in July as that was when the kids had summer holidays in the West Indies.

I called Dadaji in March and told him my plans. I mentioned that I was anxious about travelling to Bombay in July because of the rainy season, especially since the kids were so young and at risk of falling ill.

Dadaji said, "I will tell Allah Sai that Jyoti is coming ... it should not rain." When I landed in Bombay, I had forgotten my conversation with Dadaji in March, but he did not forget his promise.

The night I arrived, there was no rain, but the downpour began once I reached home. The same thing happened every day. Each time I went out, there wasn't a drop of rain, and once I returned home, the rain would start again.

Dadaji did not interfere with nature's law, but with his blessings, he kept me safe and sound.

I am really blessed to be Dadaji's daughter.

Jyoti R Amarnani
Grenada, West Indies

THE EIGHT-MARK DIFFERENCE

I had taken my commerce exams at university. When the results were announced, I found that I had failed by eight marks. Dadaji asked me to apply for re-evaluation, which was very difficult at the time.

Surprisingly, the university agreed to re-assess my paper. After the paper was examined again, I was told it had been incorrectly marked and that I was due exactly eight marks more.

With Puj Baba and Dadaji's blessings, I passed my exams.

Lachu Chatlani
Hong Kong

THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING

On 31st May 1990, I was travelling from Daytona Beach (Florida) to Tampa with my husband Manu, my daughter Soniya, my elder brother Lal and his wife Bharti. We were almost halfway to our destination from Daytona, when suddenly, one of our tyres burst and sent the car spinning out of control. I was sitting with my daughter and bhabhi (brother's wife) in the back seat, and after the collision, I realized I had been thrown almost 30 feet away from where the accident occurred into a forest. My husband, who was driving the car, was only slightly injured, and my daughter came out of the car without a scratch. My brother also escaped with only a little scratch, and my bhabhi too, was saved.

The cars behind us soon called for an ambulance, as after seeing such a drastic accident they feared no one would emerge safe. My family was unable to see me, and so my brother, in tears, desperately searched for me. I managed to get up from where I fell and without any help started walking towards our car. My face was full of dust as I had fallen on muddy ground. When my family saw me coming towards them, they were overwhelmed with relief and happiness. My brother said, "I almost thought you were dead".

The fact that we were all unscathed after such a serious accident is an amazing miracle. We were taken to hospital for check-ups, but were discharged very soon, and in the evening, we finally made it to Tampa and celebrated with our friends.

We are eternally grateful to Puj Baba and Dadaji for saving us all. We are thankful to the Almighty as we are the children of such a great divine soul who is always with us.

Rekha Khiytani
Florida, USA

AN ENGAGEMENT TO REMEMBER

It was 1980 and I was about to be engaged. All the guests had arrived at Sufi Dar for the ceremony and Dadaji had asked my family to bring me to the dargah.

Dadaji soon discovered that I had a high fever, which felt like a hot sheet on my body. Dadaji came to my room, and with a lemon in his hand began a *dus* to relieve my fever. As he moved the lemon down from my head to my shoulders, I felt as though someone had lifted the hot sheet from my head; it was suddenly cold, while the rest of my body still burned.

As Dadaji moved down towards my toes, I felt the fever vanish completely.

With Dadaji and Puj Baba's blessings, I felt a renewed energy and happily celebrated my engagement.

* * *

AIR SICKNESS

As a child, my daughter Vandana suffered from air sickness. Every time we took a flight, even a short one, she would feel nauseous and throw up. Her visible discomfort hindered our travel and meant we were forced to think very carefully before planning any trips.

One year, we decided to visit Los Angeles. I asked Dadaji for his blessings, fearing how Vandana would cope with such a long flight from Hong Kong. Dadaji reassured me, telling me not to worry, and gave me an *akhar* to recite in Vandana's ear before the flight took off. Amazingly, Vandana fell asleep before the plane took to the air and

woke up only 16 hours later, after the plane had landed in Los Angeles!

AN ENDLESS SUPPLY OF OIL

When Dadaji's daughter Seema was born, he told his mother that he wanted to hold a *namkaran* (naming ceremony). His mother refused, saying that they were too poor to celebrate and also that the *namkaran* is not usually held for daughters.

Dadaji insisted and asked her to make *poori, pakoras* and *halwa* for the function. His mother said that they didn't have any oil, which was required to cook each dish. Dadaji said, "Okay, I will buy a small tin of oil and make a hole at the top. Use whatever amount of oil you need by pouring it through the hole, but don't open the lid to look inside the tin. Dadaji's mother agreed.

The food was cooked and served to all the guests who ate well and left happily. Afterwards, Dadaji asked his mother to open the lid. To everyone's surprise, the container was still half full with oil.

Narrated by Lachu Chatlani
Hong Kong

COUNTLESS BLESSINGS

My husband and I longed to return to India to visit Dadaji, but we were unable to obtain an Indian visa for 12 years. When Dadaji came to know about this, he told us to go to the passport office on the 10th of every month.

Visibly annoyed with our constant visits, the officers told us not to return and said they would call to inform us about any new developments relating to our applications. We continued to follow Dadaji's instructions and not too long after, our visas were granted.

Many years ago, we informed Dadaji that our business was struggling. He blessed us and one day, a lady named Andrea visited our shop and bought US$1,000 worth of dolls. She returned the next day and made purchases worth US$1,700. On the third day she spent US$8,000 at our store! It was unbelievable! We delivered the goods to her house where she kept the merchandise in two rooms. We also gave her a silver bowl as a gift for being such a good customer.

I will never forget these moments with my master, my *murshid*, my father Dadaji. All we had to do was tell him our problems and in seconds, he would resolve them

Rekha Khiytani
Florida, USA

SAVED FROM A SURGICAL EMERGENCY

In 1986, I had travelled to the US for a holiday. While I was there, I had a medical check-up and was advised to have surgery within five hours because of a life-threatening stomach infection. When I told Dadaji about this, he said I should have the surgery in Hong Kong where I lived, and not in the US. He gave me an *akhar* to recite. Amazingly, I managed a 16-hour journey back to Hong Kong with ease and afterward had the operation done without any problems.

SWELLING VANISHED

In 1996, my husband Jacky was admitted to Apollo Hospital in Chennai for bypass surgery. After the surgery he developed a deep swelling in his legs. Two days had passed and there was no improvement, so naturally we began to worry. I asked Dadaji for his blessings, and he replied: "*Khyal chothi kareen? Painjo per hune je per je mathe dabeyn je*" (Why do you worry? Press Jacky's leg with your own leg"). It seemed like a strange and perhaps dangerous thing to do, but magically, as I pressed my leg onto Jacky's, his swelling vanished.

Jyoti Bhagchandani
Hong Kong

ENLIGHTENMENT FOR A DOG

One year, Dadaji visited me and my family in Kolkata. We had a puppy, although Dadaji had asked us to keep it away from him. After a week, when Dadaji was about to leave, the puppy began to bark. It continued barking while everyone bowed down to ask for Dadaji's blessings before his departure.

Dadaji received an inner voice from Puj Baba saying, "Show your affection to the dog as well, otherwise what will he think?" Dadaji approached the dog, patted him with his hand and said, Dadaji approached the dog, patted him and said *"jao apna janam safal karo"* (Go and make your life worthwhile). Go and make your birth successful". Dadaji left Kolkata and we informed him the next day that our dog had passed away.

Seema Hathiramani
Kolkata

A WEEK WITHOUT MY FRACTURE

I was in Chennai one year to attend the *Navratri* celebrations at Sufi Dar when I slipped and severely injured my ankle.

Dadaji told me not to worry. He pressed his foot on top of mine and to my amazement, the pain disappeared. I attended the entire *Navratri* function without any discomfort.

As soon as the function was over, I went to see a doctor who told me I had a fracture and would require a cast. The doctor was shocked to know I had been walking around for a week without any support or pain!

Kiran Chatlani
Hong Kong

FROM *HALWA* TO *CHURI*

Sometime in 1980, Dadaji realised it was an auspicious day to commemorate a saint and wanted to offer some *prasad*. He entered the kitchen with his two daughters and started making the prasad. His daughters were confused when they saw him pour a large amount of water into a pan. Dadaji had planned to make *halwa*, which didn't require that much water, but his daughters stayed quiet and said nothing. After making the *prasad*, Dadaji placed it in front of the saint's image and covered it with a cloth. After taking *dua*, Dadaji uncovered the *prasad*. His daughters and other onlookers were shocked to see that the watery *halwa* had turned into *churi* (a sweet dish made of ghee, flour and sugar).

Witnessed by Dadaji's daughters and *sevadharis*

BALANCING THE BOOKS WITH JALEBIS

We were nearing the end of a busy season at our store in Kolkata. I was working on the business accounts, which needed to be wrapped up, and realised there was an issue. I tried hard but struggled to pinpoint the problem.

I called Dadaji one Sunday morning, and asked for his blessings so he could help me identify the issue. Dadaji told me not to worry. He said I should eat two *jalebis* (an Indian sweet) and then take a look at the business accounts.

My wife and I went to purchase some *jalebis*, but surprisingly, we were unable to find any. Later that evening, we headed out again to try our luck and at last, we found some. After returning home, I ate two *jalebis*, and as I opened my accounts book, I immediately spotted the mistake I was looking for all along. I called Dadaji and thanked him.

Another time, I encountered trouble with some employees at my office. I asked Dadaji for his blessings. Dadaji received an inner voice from Khwaja Garib Nawaz, saying he would resolve the matter, but that Dadaji would have to bring me to the dargah afterwards. Dadaji agreed, and once the problem was resolved, he took me and my family to Ajmer Sharif to seek Khwajaji's blessings.

Ramesh Hathiramani
Kolkata, India

THE SOFT WHITE SHAWL

It was 10th February 2013, the day of my engagement in London. It was a cold, grey and rainy morning.

Dadaji had given me a beautiful soft white shawl which I wrapped around myself to keep warm. After the engagement ceremony at the Khalsa Jatha gurdwara, we made our way to the car. As I leaned into my seat, my shawl fell onto the cobblestone road, still wet and muddy from the rain. I was distraught and quickly pulled it off the ground, bundling it into my lap before shutting the car door.

As we drove off, I began to inspect every inch of the shawl, dreading the big stains I knew I'd find. But amazingly, the shawl was pristine without a splash of mud or drop of water on it. I smiled to myself, knowing that Dadaji and his blessings were with me that day.

Vandana Chatlani
London, UK

EXAM TRIUMPHS

I called Dadaji for his blessings in the run-up to my ICSE exams. I told him at 6pm one evening that I had struggled to study for a history paper which I had to sit the next day. I was expected to study 42 chapters, of which only 10 would appear on my exam.

Dadaji told me to open my history book in the same way I would open the Guru Granth Sahib and study whichever chapter appeared before me. He told me to continue doing this until 4am and instructed me not to study after this time.

I followed his advice and was extremely happy when I opened the exam paper and found that the questions related specifically to the 10 chapters I had studied the previous night. With Dadaji's blessings, I passed my exam with flying colours.

I had kept the Ramadan fast during another set of exams, while pursuing my university degree in Australia. I phoned Dadaji to ask for his blessings. He told me to eat something green before my exam. Since the exam was at 2pm and I wouldn't have been able to eat before dusk, Dadaji asked me to eat something green once I had broken my fast. I obliged and performed very well in my exams.

Manish Hathiramani
Kolkata, India

THE PASSPORT IN THE DRAWER

In October 2003 when our mother was ill, Dadaji asked me and my siblings to come to Chennai.

I booked my tickets immediately, but then realised my passport was missing. I called Dadaji and he told me not to worry, and said the passport was in a drawer somewhere.

Dadaji told me the passport would be in a Godrej drawer, but we had no Godrej wardrobes at home nor at our store. We searched our whole house and all the wardrobes and cupboards, but we couldn't find it. We were confused, but we trusted Dadaji's message.

In the meantime, I tried to apply for an emergency passport as my Grenadian passport was in the process of being granted. At the passport office, I asked if by any chance the authorities had kept my Indian passport with them. The person in charge asked for my name, found my passport in a drawer, very much like the Godrej version Dadaji described, and returned it to me.

With Dadaji's blessings, I was able to travel to Chennai immediately and spend time with my mother.

Jyoti Amarnani
Grenada, West Indies

WHEN BABA TURNED HIS FACE

"Dadaji, I always remember you." They say you cannot compete with a mother's love, but I was able to share everything about my life with you because of the love you gave me. I am moving on with my life only because of your blessings. You are, and you will always remain in our hearts. Words are not enough to express my thoughts. I pray that your blessings are showered upon everyone.

One year, we wanted to attend Puj Baba's functions at Sufi Dar, but we were unable to get a visa for India. While watching a video of the celebrations at Sufi Dar, my husband Manu saw Puj Baba's face turn towards us. We told Dadaji and he said that since we couldn't be in Chennai, Puj Baba had blessed us both by showing us his miracle.

Rekha Khiytani
Florida, USA

AN ELEVATED SOUL

Words can be used to describe people and the world, but to express the feelings we have for our loving Dadaji is difficult.

I knew Dadaji from my childhood days as he and my father worked together.

My mother used to suffer from asthma and my father requested Dadaji to visit our house to bless her. When Dadaji came over and put his foot on the staircase in our house, my mother began breathing effortlessly, but as soon as he left, her asthma returned. We informed Dadaji about this. He gave her a *dus* and she soon became well.

There are numerous times in our life when Dadaji has solved our problems. Being thousands of miles away from me, he was able to tell me what amount I had cashed in my store while talking to me on the phone.

One year at our store, during the busy Christmas season, we realised some important documents had been misplaced. We tried to find them, but didn't succeed. I called Dadaji and while sitting in India, he told me that if I walked down two steps from where I was standing and turned left, I would find the documents. They were exactly where he said they would be.

Dadaji was an elevated soul. I am fortunate to be a part of his family.

Ramesh Amarnani
Grenada, West Indies

A VISIT TO PAKISTAN

Dadaji and I visited a dargah during our trip to Pakistan. When we arrived at the dargah, we wanted to purchase some flowers and a *chadar* (a large colourful piece of fabric) to make an offering, but we were unable to find any vendors.

We proceeded to pray at the dargah and while we were doing so, a lady clad in a burqa approached Dadaji saying "*tusi yeh chada do*" (you offer these flowers at the dargah). Dadaji, deep in meditation, was oblivious of her presence. I told Dadaji that the lady had a message, but he refused her flowers.

Again the lady repeated "*tusi yeh chada do*". Dadaji heard an inner voice that said "*mein tere paas aa raha hoon, aur tu manaa kar raha hai*" (I am coming towards you and you are refusing my offer). Dadaji realised God had taken the form of a lady and quickly accepted the flowers.

During the trip, we also visited Baba Bulleh Shah's holy shrine. On this visit, a man approached me enquiring about Dadaji. The man told me to always take good care of him and to keep him happy. He then asked if he could kiss Dadaji's forehead, and surprisingly Dadaji agreed.

After this visit, we travelled to another dargah by car, which took us only 30 minutes since the road was empty and deserted. When we arrived at the dargah, we were shocked to see the same man standing at the gate. Both Dadaji and I wondered how the man had made his journey so quickly; we certainly hadn't seen any other cars while driving down.

We said our prayers after which the man asked Dadaji to sit on a shawl he has spread on the floor. Dadaji asked

him how he had reached the dargah before we did. He replied, "*bas paunch gaye*" (I just did).

The man took out a 10 rupee note and showed Dadaji his empty pockets. He said, "*aapko sab de diya, ab mere paas kuch nahin hai*" (I have given you everything and now I have nothing left). Dadaji asked the man when he would visit Chennai and he replied, "*dekhte hain, aayenge*" (let's see, I'll come).

He suddenly stood up after the conversation, walked off and disappeared within seconds.

Dadaji realized the man was Baba Bulleh Shah himself.

Lachu Chatlani
Hong Kong

COMPLETE FAITH

Dadaji always told me to have "complete faith" in Puj Baba. At first I didn't understand what Dadaji meant by this, but when my daughter was born, I finally realised what he was trying to say.

Just before I was admitted to hospital to deliver my baby, I went to see Dadaji and ask for his blessings. As usual, he was very kind; he blessed me and wished me good luck. I asked him whether I would have a boy or a girl – at that moment I hoped it would be a boy. Dadaji replied, "Don't ask that question; Baba has blessed you with a gift ... always take good care of her".

So Dadaji already knew I was having a baby girl. When I saw her, I thanked Puj Baba and Dadaji for blessing me with my miracle, the most beautiful, amazing baby girl.

Devotee

A MEDICAL MIRACLE

I was fortunate enough to be granted the biggest blessing of *seva* at the age of 14.

After a couple of years, on Dhanteras, the day before Diwali, my father had an accident and sustained multiple fractures to his skull. Dadaji prayed to Puj Baba and told us that the next 22 days would be critical. He gave us a list of things to do, which we completed.

On the 22nd day, I tried to talk to my father who had undergone two surgeries and had been unconscious since the accident. He responded vaguely and opened his eyes, slowly regaining consciousness. With the grace of Puj Baba and Dadaji, the doctors eventually discharged my father from the hospital.

The doctors told us specifically that my father would be unable to speak for at least three months and that it would take an additional three months following speech therapy for him to begin talking properly. After my father's intravenous feeding tubes were removed, my mother and I took him to Sufi Dar to seek blessings.

With tears in our eyes we bowed and thanked Puj Baba. We then went to meet Dadaji. He began talking to my father and asked him in *Sindhi*, "How are you?" I wanted to respond and say that my father was unable to speak, but before I could, Dadaji asked again, in a striking voice, "I am asking you, how are you?" To our astonishment, my father replied, "*Tawan ji daya aaye*", (It is thanks to your mercy). We couldn't believe it. We were extremely happy.

Puj Dadaji then asked us to conduct a *puja* every evening devoted to Goddess Durga. Each day after the prayers,

my father would say "*Jai*" (hailing Goddess Durga) and slowly his speech began to improve. Within a month, he was talking clearly.

How can medical science explain this? Even the surgeon at Apollo Hospital who looked after my father's case was astonished.

Pratibha and Vijay Khatri
Chennai, India

A CAREER IN EDUCATION

Since I was an only child, I had to leave school at a young age and begin managing my father's business. It was a very difficult stage of life for us. Slowly and steadily things improved and I was able to continue my education through distance learning.

One evening after my *seva* duties when I was around 18 years old, I waited to seek Dadaji's blessings. He returned from his prayers, caught me by my hair and began blessing me with tight slaps on my head while saying "*Hoshiyar thee, paisa kamaay*", (Become clever and earn money). He continued repeating these words for a few minutes, then smiled at me and returned to his residence downstairs.

A few days later, during my *seva* one afternoon, Dadaji said, "You are an Englishman", and later, on another occasion he called me a "British man". I didn't understand what he meant, but soon it all became clear.

A few months later, Dadaji asked me to gradually move away from running my father's finance business and suggested I start exploring overseas markets, specifically in the education sector. My mother and I wondered how

I could accomplish this given my own limited education.

Nevertheless, I kept my faith and began doing the ground work for this new venture, all the while reporting my progress to Dadaji. With the ultimate and unmatched grace of Puj Baba and Dadaji, I soon achieved success in the Singaporean market and was one among three companies that started marketing Singapore educational opportunities in India. A few months after this, with the blessings of Puj Baba and Dadaji, I received an award from the Singapore government for outstanding performance for the promotion of Singaporean education.

Eventually, I began receiving invitations from a few UK universities. It then dawned on me what Dadaji had meant when referring to me as an Englishman. I was soon appointed as the official representative in India of a UK university ranked among the top 100 in the world. With the infinite grace of Puj Baba and Dadaji, national and international media networks such as CNN began approaching me for interviews on the education sector.

I now also hold permanent residence in the UK which Dadaji clearly foresaw when he called me a British man.

If anyone were to ask me what the best qualification is for a bright future, I would say, ask your children to spend a few years in wholehearted *seva* at Sufi Dar. This is enough.

I know that my success has nothing to do with my work. It is the result of an abundance of blessings and infinite grace from Puj Baba and Dadaji.

Vijay Khatri
Chennai, India

THE GRACE OF MY MASTER

I must have been in my teens the first time I had Dadaji's *darshan*.

I used to visit my cousins in Chennai, some of whom are *sevadharis*. Visiting Sufi Dar always left me very calm and positive.

Dadaji used to perform the evening *aarti*. We would go and pray there in silence, soaking up the purity and cleanliness of the dargah.

At 21, there was a turning point in my life. I remember being in Chennai to attend my cousin's wedding. I bowed down at Puj Baba's feet and forgave those who had wronged me. I think it was that moment that paved a new road ahead in my life.

I got the opportunity to serve at the Deaf Aid Society in Bangalore. Later, I was saved from a marriage arrangement that would not have worked for me, and I went on to work in the telecom sector.

During another visit to Chennai, I remember my aunt and mother anxiously asking Dadaji when I would get married. Dadaji very calmly told me to do Krishna *jaap* (chanting) and to regularly water a tulsi plant*.

In 2000 I married my husband, Manohar, who is named after Lord Krishna. I am blessed with two lovely children Sanat and Samhita.

The blessings of the gurus have helped us face life and its challenges. I have only gratitude ... and still feel Dadaji's grace and presence.

Shalini Makhija Venugopal

* The tulsi or holy basil is a sacred plant in Hinduism. Hindus regard it as an earthly manifestation of the goddess Tulsi.

A TRIP TO KHWAJA GARIB NAWAZ

I went to visit Dadaji before embarking on my trip to the shrine of Khwaja Moinuddin Chishtiji (Khwaja Garib Nawaz ji) in Ajmer. Dadaji requested me to offer prayers on his behalf too.

It was very crowded the day I visited the dargah. While entering, someone told me to keep my wallet and cell phone carefully, because pickpockets in the area could steal my valuables. Taking note of this, I left all my belongings with the priest, (*khadim sahib*, Yamin *bhai*) whom Dadaji suggested could accompany me.

While in a state of *dua*, praying for Dadaji's good health, I felt someone in the crowd touch my pocket.

After saying my prayers, I checked my kurta-pyjama and to my surprise, I found a ₹1000 note in my pocket. It was a strange experience ... even the priest was astonished because everyone was aware of opportunistic pickpockets, but it was unheard of to have money put into one's pocket.

I realised this had happened exactly when I was praying for Dadaji.

I rang Chennai and narrated the incident to Dadaji. He told me to spend the entire amount on food for the fakirs outside the dargah. It was a blissful feeling!

We are honestly too small to understand these magical experiences with our guru.

* * *

DIVINE INTERVENTION

We are really lucky that we could go to Dadaji and ask for his guidance on every issue and problem we faced.

I had set up a new venture which had been operating for two years. I had plans to expand the venture but faced a number of functional difficulties. Small things would go wrong each day and although they were relatively minor, they continued to bother me and keep me awake at night.

As we know, in times of stress and anxiety, we may be able to switch off our conscious mind when we sleep, but our subconscious mind continues to run.

One night, I fell into a deep sleep and had a dream so vivid, it was hard to distinguish from reality. In my dream, I saw Dadaji. He looked at me and asked if I had an issue. I told him that I was having difficulties rising up.

He said, "Hold my hand", and I did. And like a deity who rises in the sky towards infinity, Dadaji lifted me up and we began to soar. It was a rough ride as we collided with meteoroids and rubble. Finally, after a lot of effort and travelling we reached a resting place.

I sat with Dadaji and told him, "Dadaji, this was such a tough way to rise up. We travelled and faced so many obstacles".

He replied, "Son, when I am with you, holding your hand, being by your side, you feel it's a journey so difficult and time consuming. Imagine someone travelling the same distance as you, the same path as you, walking on their own without my support. They might take three or four

times the effort and time you have taken. So remember – while you are facing difficulties, I am by your side."

I felt immediately reassured. The whole encounter felt so real that it took me a while to realise it was all a dream.

In my dreams, Dadaji gave me answers to my reality. He gave me solace and peace of mind and he answered me without me physically consulting him about my problems.

He knows it all. He knows it always. He knows what we say, and he knows the unsaid!

* * *

WHEN MY GURU STOOD BETWEEN ME AND CATASTROPHE

I was driving back from my factory one day, heading on a route I wouldn't normally take. I was on my own, carefree, driving between 60-70 km per hour.

Suddenly out of nowhere, an *autowalla* emerges in front of my speeding car. He appeared 8-10 metres away, too close for me to apply my brakes or make a diversion. In that fraction of a second, I closed my eyes thinking I was about to crash. When I opened them again, I found my car had come to a complete halt just half a foot away from the autowalla.

The collision had been averted! I could never have imagined such an outcome and I knew it was my guru's blessing. I called Dadaji to thank him. He asked me to visit Baba Sheik Salim Chishti's dargah in Fatehpur Sikri and offer 100 coconuts, which I happily did.

For me, it was divinity that saved me from a fatal crash. Divine energy stood between me and catastrophe. Jai Baba, Jai Dadaji.

Gaurav Sukhwani
Agra, India

* * *

FAITH AND PATIENCE

I was doing my *seva* near Dadaji's room during his *varsi* celebrations on 25th November 2014 when an elderly lady came in to pay her respects. She bowed her head, prayed, and then walked out. But she soon turned back with tears in her eyes.

She told me she was a lawyer and that Dadaji had blessed her daughter who was not able to conceive. She recounted her visit to Dadaji who had said, "You will become a grandmother". He gave her a mango and asked her to cut it into small pieces for her daughter to eat. She did this, but three months passed and her daughter was still not pregnant. The elderly lady returned to Dadaji to ask for his blessings once more. He told her to have patience and reassured her that she would be a grandmother.

The lady eventually became a grandmother after her daughter was blessed with two children.

Devotee

A BLESSED CHILD

My sister Pooja Anand and her husband were yearning for a child. Luckily, they had a chance to meet Dadaji in Delhi. My brother-in-law broke down and cried, requesting him to bless them. Dadaji, our true master, was full of love and kindness and with his blessings, my sister conceived one month later.

During one of her routine ultrasound check-ups, the doctor found that the baby's heart had stopped beating. My brother-in-law called Dadaji and asked for his mercy. Dadaji told him to get the ultrasound done again. Amazingly, the second scan showed that the baby's heart was functioning normally.

In her seventh month of pregnancy, my sister was admitted to hospital as a result of certain complications. We called Dadaji and he said that we would have to tell a doctor to operate in 10 minutes. At the time there were no doctors on call, but with Dadaji's *hukum*, one suddenly arrived and within 10 minutes, the baby was in its mother's arms.

We all are thankful from the bottom of our hearts to Dadaji for his countless blessings and grace.

We bow to Guru Nanak Dev ji, our *satguru* who is absolute and everlasting and we thank Puj Baba and Dadaji for their grace.

We love you Dadaji.

Devotee

A LIFETIME OF MIRACLES

Prior to my marriage, I only visited Sufi Dar occasionally. But from that day onward, my life has been full of miracles. Dadaji chose my husband, Govind Bharwani; picked my name after marriage; selected the names of my children, Pavan and Geena and chose their school and college; helped my family during difficult times; and guided my children on their career options. He also supported my husband in running his business, and helped him overcome various obstacles.

* * *

When I was pregnant for the first time, I developed jaundice in my second trimester. My gynaecologist said I was lucky it wasn't my first trimester because this could have affected my baby's health. Despite this, she said we would still need to exercise caution and continue with various tests every month.

When we went to Dadaji with this news, he told us not to fear and advised us from that day onwards to eat one misri every day without fail. With his grace and blessings I had a healthy baby boy.

* * *

When I was pregnant for the second time, I was rushed to hospital 4 days before my due date. The doctors kept me under observation for the next 3 days. On the evening of November 8th 1994, a day before my due date, the doctor told us she would have to perform a C-section. I was very much against having an operation and urged Govind to ask Dadaji for help.

Dadaji told Govind to go to the dargah and pray because there was nothing he could do. Disappointed, Govind went upstairs to pray to Puj Baba. As he was about to leave Sufi Dar, Dadaji sent word for him and told him that he had received Puj Baba's reply. Govind was to rub some pure ghee on my palms and my soles the next morning.

Govind followed Dadaji's advice and soon I went into labour, had a normal delivery and was blessed with a healthy baby girl.

* * *

When Pavan was about 11 months old we took him to the paediatrician for a regular check-up. She informed us that Pavan would be short and would barely reach a height of 5ft 6 inches. We were shocked because our entirely family is very tall.

We gave the news to Dadaji and he told us not to worry. He further said he would tell us what to do in the future when the time was right.

When Pavan was in the sixth standard, Dadaji advised him not to use a pillow while sleeping. Pavan is now over 6ft and continues to sleep without a pillow.

* * *

When Geena was about 3 months old, Dadaji advised us to give her goat's milk instead of cow's milk. He advised us to do this every day without fail until she was a year old. With this *dus*, Dadaji said, she would become a very bright student. With his grace Geena came 3rd in school in the 12th standard. Dadaji also chose Geena's career and helped her get a job.

* * *

Pavan was working in China and had planned a visit to India in June 2013. He requested my sister Komal Thadani and me not to tell the others at home so he could surprise everyone. He had intended to take a taxi from the airport and visit Sufi Dar first before returning home.

He arrived at Sufi Dar and after paying his respects to Puj Baba, he waited for Dadaji to wake up so he could meet him.

While Dadaji was waking up, he asked Govind, who was in the house doing his *seva*, if there was any news of Pavan. Govind said that Pavan was fine. Dadaji then asked about Pavan's next trip to India. Govind told him that Pavan hadn't made any plans yet. Dadaji immediately said, "He has come".

Govind was confused and didn't understand what Dadaji meant. Another *sevadhari*, Sonu, happened to meet Pavan outside Dadaji's house and came in to tell Govind that Pavan had arrived. Govind thought this was a joke until he saw Pavan appear to take Dadaji's blessings. Dadaji said, "I told you he is here". Dadaji knew well in advance; nothing is ever hidden from him.

* * *

Dadaji's help has been so extensive. Most importantly, he gave us what everyone desires – *naam*.

When I reflect on all these miracles and his generous guidance, I feel really lost now. They say time is the greatest healer, but I don't believe this is the case after losing Dadaji's physical presence.

We love you Dadaji and we know you are always with us. Thank you for guiding me throughout my life.

Karuna Bharwani
Chennai, India

THE VISA APPLICATION

I had applied for a visa to visit the UK, but my application was rejected despite having a credible sponsor. I was very upset. My father reminded me that whatever I desired could be fulfilled with the blessings of Dadaji and encouraged me to visit him. I flew to Chennai and as soon as I arrived, I was able to bow down and have Dadaji's *darshan*.

Before I could utter a word, Dadaji told me to get some rest and return to meet him in the evening. I called my father to inform him that I had reached Sufi Dar safely and he quickly congratulated me, saying that the British Embassy had been in touch and granted my visa. I danced with happiness and I knew it was all of Dadaji's blessings.

As I entered Sufi Dar, Dadaji called me over and asked, "Are you happy?" I gave him the flowers I had brought for him, fell at his lotus feet, and was blessed.

Miracles happen to those who are blessed with the privilege to be a part of Sufi Dar.

Jai Puj Baba, Jai Dadaji.

Rupinder Kaur Dasee
Delhi, India

MEMORIES THAT CAN NEVER FADE

Time has flown by. From kids we have become homemakers, mothers and businesswomen. But there are always influencers in our life who have created ripples in our silent stream of memories.

Dadaji, your every word of advice echoes in our hearts. We try to practice your teachings in our lives, but we are human, full of errors, and always ready with excuses for our wrongdoings.

I remember seeing you when I was in 7th or 8th grade at my cousin's house in Delhi. I used to watch you from a distance being gracious to everyone around you, each one with a different wish list. You were always calm.

Times have changed and neither Dadaji nor my father is in this physical world with us anymore, but I know their support and spiritual guidance are forever here.

Dadaji, I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart. My father and I once travelled in an auto to visit you with a bouquet of flowers. I was upset throughout that journey that my father could not afford his own car. But when I met you, you smiled and blessed me so that I would always enjoy my own car.

I sometimes remember your blessings with tears in my eyes when I see a fleet of cars and a chauffeur waiting for me. You wanted to give me *naam* and I refused, saying that Guru Nanakji is my guru. You smiled and said I was absolutely right; that these bodily souls would come and go but that the heavenly soul would always be my guru. Part of me wonders whether I should have been so bold and blunt with my response!

Dadaji, we miss you a lot.

Neelam (Hingorani) Dewani
New Delhi, India

THE GURU AND THE DOCTOR

Sometime in the 1990s, my grandfather Mr. N. B. Khubchandani had to undergo surgery. The doctor said his chances of survival were low as he had several other health complications. Our family went to seek Dadaji's blessings. He accompanied us to the hospital and requested the doctor to proceed with the operation.

My grandfather became a little emotional and as tears rolled down his face, he folded his hands to seek Dadaji's blessings. At that moment, the doctor said, "Why are you worried? Dadaji is with you".

Complications did arise during the procedure, but thanks to our guru's grace and blessings, my grandfather's surgery was successful.

Thank you Puj Baba, thank you Dadaji.

Lalit Khubchandani
New Delhi, India

THE BLESSED CHAIN

About 17 years ago when my children were young, I developed severe jaundice. The doctors had prescribed some medication, but it did nothing to improve my condition, so I went with my mother-in-law to meet Dadaji.

He looked at me and appeared very worried. He then gave me a beaded chain from his cupboard and asked me to wear it with faith. He told me the jaundice would slowly reduce and that the chain would cure me of the condition altogether. I wore the chain for at least two months and gradually, I could see myself recovering. My colour returned to normal and even my reports improved. After two months, I was retested and the doctors, surprised with the results, confirmed that I had recovered fully.

I am so thankful to Dadaji for saving my life.

Poonam Budhrani
Chennai, India

TAKING ON A DISCIPLE'S PAIN

A *sevadhari* who did *seva* at the *chappal* counter in Sufi Dar had fractured his leg during a visit to a holy shrine. When he returned to Chennai, he told Dadaji that he was suffering from a lot of pain and was unable to bear it.

Dadaji was sitting in the prasad room at the time and told him to jump with his fractured leg from the fifth stair to the ground on the first floor.

Dadaji's advice was shocking and the *sevadhari* shuddered at the thought of putting any pressure on his injured leg, let alone jumping on it. Somehow he summoned the courage and jumped. To his astonishment, the pain began to subside. He returned to Sufi Dar the next morning and told Dadaji that he had no pain at all. Dadaji requested him to follow the doctor's orders and rest.

A few days later that same week, Dadaji slipped in his bathroom and injured his leg.

Puj Baba and Dadaji's *mahima* cannot be described in words. It is infinite.

Devotee

MY JOURNEY FROM HELL TO HEAVEN

I first met Dadaji in 1989. At that time, my knowledge of a "guru" was limited and shaped by what I had seen in the media. I expected to see someone with long hair dressed in orange robes. When I finally met Dadaji, I saw what appeared to be an ordinary man, although he had a powerful presence and spiritual energy that I was immediately drawn to. I was speechless and from that day forward, I discovered my faith and a love for my *murshid* in Dadaji.

I lost my mother a few months before meeting Dadaji and I was extremely depressed. He knew that I had suffered from insomnia and fits after my mother's passing and that I was taking medication to help with these issues. He gave me a *dus* to do for six months and recommended I try homeopathic and ayurvedic treatments.

My health issues persisted for some time. During this period, Dadaji gave me two *dus*. First, he asked me to pray at Hazrat Nizamuddin Dargah every Thursday evening. Second, he asked me to serve my mother-in-law breakfast every day, and ask for her blessings, especially for the first nine days. I did this with full devotion and faith.

Over time, my health slowly improved. I travelled to Chennai in May 2007 to attend the annual *varsi* celebrations at Sufi Dar. Some of the regular attendees were surprised to see how healthy I looked and asked what medication I was taking. I simply said the improvement was all thanks to the kindness and blessings of Dadaji and Baba.

To me Dadaji is a father, a guardian, a *pir*, a saint, a God, a friend, a *murshid*, a *fakir*. It is said Sufi saints hide themselves and I believe this is true. Dadaji has always shown himself to be an ordinary man. Whoever came to him with a problem never left empty-handed. He blessed and gave love to everyone.

Thank you Puj Baba and thank you Dadaji for all your blessings and guidance. As Dadaji always told me, "Surrender yourself and God will take care of the rest".

Devotee

PLANTING THE SEED OF BELIEF

During my teens, I had a circle of friends who were a particularly bad influence on me. Every Sunday I would play cards, gamble and drink a lot. My family, by contrast, would visit Sufi Dar on Sundays and during festivals.

It was a great day when fortune smiled upon me and Dadaji asked my father to ensure my brother Alkesh and I were present every Sunday for Puj Baba's *aarti*. When I first came to Sufi Dar, I was very arrogant; I never respected Dadaji and never had faith in God. The only thing that kept me there on Sundays was pressure from my family.

Slowly and steadily my attitude changed and I was given more *seva* which changed my life. I became calm and composed and gained faith. I realised that Dadaji had saved me from bad company.

Today I am happily married and have been blessed with a daughter. If Dadaji had not come to my rescue, I would have perished.

One year, just before Diwali I was cleaning Dadaji's house as part of my *seva*. Dadaji called and asked me, "Are you happy? Do you want something?"

I replied "I'm happy, I don't want anything".

"OK, carry on with your *seva*", he said.

Later, he called me again, and said "I asked if you want something ... is everything ok with your business?"

"Dadaji, I am in need of good tailors," I replied. Since it was the festive season, I had received a number of orders but was unable to find any tailors.

"That's why I asked if you needed anything," said Dadaji. He told me to continue with my *seva*.

10 minutes later, he asked me to call my mother. "Ask her, did the tailor come?"

My mother said she had found a good tailor who would begin working the following day.

While doing *seva* the next day, Dadaji asked if I wanted anything else. I told him I needed a few people who could help with hemming and hand-stitching. In a few hours, this problem too was solved. It was with Dadaji's blessings that we doubled the orders at our boutique, thus giving me good profits that season.

Deepak Shroff (Dimpy)
Chennai, India

FROM LANDLESS TO A LANDLORD

When I first started going to Sufi Dar, I did not own any land or property. I rented an office, a warehouse and also my own home.

I visited Sufi Dar regularly to seek the blessings of Puj Baba and Dadaji.

I am a marble dealer by profession. To obtain the marble, we have to bid on large blocks of stones. If you get good stones, you can create great wealth. If you get bad stones, you can incur heavy losses.

Before bidding on the marble blocks I would ask Dadaji to bless me so I could secure stones that would provide a handsome profit. He would guide me and each time I was able to select high quality blocks and generate the best returns.

Time passed and my office landlord asked me to vacate the premises or pay a very high price to purchase it. I felt depressed as it was very difficult for me to purchase the office at such a price. In addition, moving to another premises would be a hassle because I would also have to move a huge quantity of marble. That night, I went to Dadaji and told him about my problem. He told me to tell the landlord that I would vacate the office. I was shocked. I was not prepared for this at all.

I followed Dadaji's advice and informed the landlord that I would leave his premises. The next day, I found a similar office available opposite my previous office. The only problem was that the office was embroiled in a court case. I told Dadaji about it and he suggested I rent it anyway. I moved to the new office and a few days later

I learned that the ongoing court case was decided in my landlord's favour. He was ecstatic and told me that I was lucky for him because a case which could not be resolved for years came to a close very soon after I had rented the premises. I told him it was all because of Dadaji's grace.

A few months passed. My previous landlord who had quoted a high price for his property decided to reduce his rate. Dadaji advised me to quote an even lower rate – one which actually seemed too low.

I managed to buy the property for a price three times lower than the original amount – a true miracle.

Rajesh Sethiya
Chennai, India

MY SISTER'S WEDDING

My family and I have visited Sufi Dar regularly for many years, although I was blessed with *seva* only a few years ago.

When my sister was ready to get married, our family tried hard to find a suitable and compatible partner for her, but they were unable to do so. My father was very worried, but with full faith, we went to Dadaji and confessed our problem. He gave us a *dus*, which we did, and within a few months my sister was happily married and later blessed with a daughter.

Koti koti pranams to Dadaji. We are forever grateful.

Mahendra
Chennai, India

FRIENDLY EXAMINERS

In March 1999, my elder son was due to sit his board exams. I prayed day and night so that he would score high marks.

Dadaji had written down some blessings in *Sindhi* and sent them to my son, telling him to keep these blessings on the table before starting his exam paper. He also told my son to write "Om" on the first page of his exam.

I told Dadaji it would be impossible to take any notes written on a piece paper of paper inside an exam room as we all know this is not permitted. But Dadaji said my son should take the note with him and chant the *akhar* he had been given.

I found out that the examination centre was close to our house and that the teacher on duty was a friend of a close contact of mine who knew Dadaji too. I asked her if my son could take the blessing note into the exam room. She agreed, but my son first had to pass three teachers who were checking each student as they entered the rooms.

The first teacher checked students at the gate while two other teachers checked the students' pencil boxes and pockets in the exam room. The blessing note was fully visible, but they reacted as though they hadn't seen it. In fact, the teacher with whom I had spoken initially then asked my son if he had any problems answering the questions and told him he could ask her for help! On top of all that, the other teachers were very sweet to him and even offered to give him more time if he needed it.

This was a huge miracle. With Dadaji's blessings, my son earned good grades as well as admission to one of the best colleges.

Thank you Dadaji and Puj Baba.

Devotee

A CRAVING FOR MILK

It was 2013 and I was attending *Navratri* celebrations at Sufi Dar.

In the evening after *aarti*, I asked Puj Baba for his blessings and then proceeded to the Dua room. On my way, I spotted some milk glasses. While I stood before Badshah Sain (Abdul Qadir Gilani, Data Dastagir Badshah of Baghdad) I suddenly had a desire for some milk. I told Badshah Sain in my prayers, "I'm sure Dadaji will find out about this desire of mine!"

When I went downstairs, I forgot all about the milk. I stood behind a *sevadhari* who was informing Dadaji about the leftover milk in the dargah. Dadaji then asked "*Kya doodh peenay ka man hai*?" (Are you craving some milk?) I said yes, but told Dadaji he had advised me not to consume any in the past. He then gave me a *dus* and said I could have one spoon of milk afterwards.

For nine days (the duration of *Navratri* celebrations) I was able to enjoy drinking milk with Dadaji's blessings. Dadaji was forever generous with his blessings and did everything to fulfil even our smallest desires.

Suneeta Nathani
New Delhi, India

A PEACEFUL DEPARTURE

I was taking Dua one day in 2012 when I received a call from Dadaji. He asked me to visit Satnam Singh ji – a *gyani* who had performed *kirtan* during festivals at Sufi Dar for many years.

I had never been to Satnamji's house and had no idea why Dadaji was sending me there. When I arrived, I was shocked to see him. His health had worsened and he had lost both his legs. I asked if he wanted to speak to Dadaji and he agreed.

Dadaji gave him a *dus*. With his eyes closed and crying in pain, Satnamji began reciting the *akhar* (word) Dadaji had given him. After a few minutes, he opened his eyes and remained quiet. Dadaji then told me, "*Haaren pachariya ja diyan aiyn*", (These are his final days).

Dadaji asked me to convey this message to Satnamji's family, which I did. His family was visibly upset.

The next day, Satnamji was admitted to hospital. Dadaji asked me to go to the hospital and tell the family to perform another *dus*.

On January 18th, Satnamji said he wanted to speak to Dadaji. Soon after, Dadaji asked me to go to the hospital and perform another *dus*. His family and I were to whisper to Satnam ji, "*Ab aur jeena nahin hai*", (You don't have to live any longer), and "*Guru Nanak ji, aap apne bache ko apni godi mein ley lo*", (Guru Nanak ji, take your child into your lap).

Around 4.30pm that day, Satnamji's daughter, Ruby, called to say that her father had passed away. Dadaji requested me to attend his funeral. He had arranged for a *chadar* to be sent across from Sufi Dar as a symbol of respect and devotion to the Guru Granth Sahib.

Suneeta Nathani
New Delhi, India

LOVE IN HIS ANGER

Whenever I made plans to visit Chennai I would always ask Dadaji when I should arrive and leave. In 2011, I was due to attend Puj Baba's birthday celebrations, so Dadaji asked me to arrive on August 12th and leave on August 16th.

On the night of August 15th, Dadaji went to lay down for a little while and suddenly he asked me when I was leaving. I said that I would depart on the 16th as he had advised, and he very angrily replied, "*jaldi jao*" (go quickly). Dadaji had never spoken to me in this way before and I felt a tension in his anger.

Before leaving on the morning of the 16th, I met Dadaji. He gave me some *prasad* and asked me lovingly how I was. I wanted desperately to ask him why he seemed angry with me the previous night, but I was nervous to do so. His words pounded in my head.

I arrived in Delhi and everything seemed normal. But on the night of the 17th around 9pm, my son called to say that my nephew's mother-in-law had been murdered in Mumbai. We were shaken and distraught by the news and a few of us went to Mumbai. I informed Dadaji about the murder. Dadaji then said that three people were involved and that the servant was guilty of the murder, which was later proven.

While we were in Mumbai on the 19th, my elder son called to say a huge raid was being conducted on our factory premises. I called Dadaji and he said my husband should return to Delhi immediately. All my family members left, leaving me behind so I could attend the *puja* ceremony for my nephew's mother-in-law. I realised

then why Dadaji had angrily asked me to go home soon – he was only looking out for me and my family.

When I left Mumbai for Delhi, Dadaji gave me a *dus* as I would have to face the officers who had conducted the raid. I arrived at 2am and entered my home, greeting the officers with a big smile on my face as Dadaji had advised. I asked them if I could have a few minutes before they started questioning me and they agreed.

After I finished my *dus*, two officers asked me to open my wardrobe for inspection. During their checks, they asked how I managed to appear so calm in the presence of so many officers.

I replied, "You are all human beings; why should I be afraid of you if I have done nothing wrong?" They bombarded me with questions, hoping to find something to prove us guilty. But thanks to Puj Baba and Dadaji's blessings, they soon grew tired and left, saying they were impressed with the way I had cooperated with them.

Devotee

A TRIUMPH OF FAITH OVER MEDICINE

On 8th August 1998, my husband complained of severe chest pains. We consulted his uncle, a cardiologist, who said all his arteries were blocked and that he would require bypass surgery urgently.

Dadaji was in Delhi at the time so we went to seek his blessings the next day. My husband held Dadaji's hands, pleading with him to come to the hospital. Dadaji told my husband lovingly that he would have stayed, but had some urgent work to attend to in Chennai. Dadaji then promised that he would be at the hospital if and when the surgery was confirmed, but said my husband should be admitted for a check-up first to clear any doubts. We hadn't realised it, but Dadaji had already given us an answer.

He also gave us a *dus* to make *karah prasad* and read the *Sukhmani Sahib path* before going to the hospital. My husband was in the operating theatre when his uncle rushed in laughing with tears in his eyes. "My colleagues are telling me I'm a fool to have brought a healthy person in for bypass surgery as all his arteries are open and functioning normally," he said. "We have given him anaesthesia, so he must rest, but he will be able to go home tomorrow."

Dadaji has shown us that faith is the most effective cure.

Devotee

RE-OPENING OUR FACTORY

In 2000, the Indian government decided to close a number of factories which were polluting the environment. Our factory was among those shut down, even though our manufacturing processes were not harmful to the environment.

My husband was upset after the closure of our factory. Everyone told us it would take at least six years to reopen it and if the government found any evidence of pollutants, the factory would be closed forever.

We were also dealing with disturbances to our workforce, but I had faith in Dadaji and the Almighty. Soon, my husband called Dadaji to explain the issue. Dadaji gave us a *dus* to break hundreds of coconuts at the Hanuman Temple. He specified that the coconuts should be broken in such a way so that the water touched the idol of Hanuman.

On January 6th, my husband had a meeting scheduled with a government officer regarding the factory. Dadaji advised us to break the coconuts first and then meet the officer, which we did. My husband returned from the meeting with a big smile on his face. He said the officer had apologized for the factory closure and confirmed it was a mistake which they would rectify the next morning. With the blessings of Puj Baba and Dadaji, our factory re-opened on January 7th.

Thank you Dadaji for always being with us.

Suneeta Nathani
New Delhi, India

OUR SHINING LIGHT

Words cannot do justice to describe how our *satguru* Dadaji has blessed us.

I first met Dadaji in 2000 at my uncle Jawahar's residence in Delhi and I did not know much about him. Dadaji asked me to sit next to him and invited me to visit Sufi Dar.

After making a trip to Sufi Dar, I never dared to commit the mistake of sitting next to him!

Since then, there have been numerous instances where we have felt Dadaji's blessings and miracles. With utmost humility and great pleasure, I share some of these experiences below.

Marrying Rachna: Three years before I married my wife, I took a photograph of her to show Dadaji. I had dated her since the 7th grade, but a few astrologers had told me that our horoscopes were incompatible. I feared Dadaji would say the same. Dadaji looked at her photo and simply said, "Go ahead and get married to her, everything is good". I can't explain how relaxed and happy I felt at that time. I owe our wedding and happiness completely to Dadaji.

Our desire for a child: A year after our wedding, we tried to have a baby, but we were unsuccessful. I asked Dadaji for his blessings and he said, *"Pehron changi taran ghumo sain, cho tha bandhan mein pao"* (First enjoy your life and travel extensively before taking on this responsibility). For the next two years, we went globetrotting after which Dadaji himself suggested during one of our visits to Sufi Dar that we try for a child. Rachna conceived two months later and Dadaji blessed us with a son.

Similarly, three years later, he asked if we wanted a second child, to which we said yes, as we wanted a daughter. He then asked us to go up to the dargah immediately and request Puj Baba for a daughter, which we did. About three months later, Rachna conceived and we were blessed with a beautiful daughter. Both our children are Dadaji's blessings and gifts to us.

Project Paras Emperor: We received preliminary approval in 2009 for a residential project we were working on, but we were still awaiting the municipal corporation's final approval. All of a sudden, the state government introduced a series of policy changes which kept our project idle for three years.

During this time, I gathered the courage to ask Dadaji three times about the fate of the project. On the first two occasions, Dadaji said, *"Chinta na kayo sain"*, (Don't worry). But a month before the approval was about to expire, I became impatient and asked again. Even the general feeling within the real estate industry in Bhopal was that this project would be shelved. Dadaji raised his voice and said, *"Chayo se na sain, chinta na kayo, rehji eendi"*, (I told you not to worry, didn't I? The project will work out).

Immediately after that, the state government introduced more policy changes, however this time they were in our favour and in less than a month we secured all the approvals we needed. Today, this is not only a prestigious project in Bhopal, but an architectural marvel which is the first of its kind in the whole of central India. With close to 1 million square feet of saleable area, the project comprises six tall residential towers of 17 storeys each. I consider this purely as Dadaji's gift to me.

My home in Bhopal: In 2009 I was looking for a residence for myself close to my office. I saw various houses, but for some reason I didn't like any of them. Dadaji knew this and told us during our next visit to Sufi Dar, *"Chinta hi na kayo sain, hik first class ghar achev tho taanje laye ... tey bedrooms thav, entry east mein athav ain south facing ghar eendo tahan wat"*, (Don't worry, a wonderful house is coming your way ... it's a south-facing house with the entry on the east and it has three bedrooms). Within the next 90, days we found a beautiful house with Dadaji's exact description and moved in.

I could go on narrating Dadaji's miracles. Apart from these blessings, Dadaji's advice to us during moments of stress was also extremely soothing. A lot of people at Sufi Dar tell me that Dadaji's presence is even more powerful than before and that we shouldn't miss him. But from the bottom of my heart, I miss him so much now and struggle to hold back tears, especially when I visit his home for blessings.

I pray that he keeps guiding us through this journey of life and with his blessings, helps us fulfil our true purpose.

Harish Moolchandani
Bhopal, India

WHAT MY MURSHID IS FOR ME

I can't describe in words what my *murshid* means to me.

Ever since 1993 when I first had the good fortune of meeting Dadaji, he always guided me in my life, step by step.

He helped me decide where to settle down when I was forced out of Liberia due to the revolution.

He guided me into the jewellery business – something I would never have dreamed of – which has been doing quite well with his and God's grace.

He advised me to stay in my house instead of buying a bigger one. My family and I consider ourselves lucky to have done that.

He guided me through the roughest times of my life when everything was going against me, and he helped me emerge from my troubles so gracefully.

He has helped me in so many other different ways such as choosing education and career goals for my kids, approving of their friends and choices, showing me how to nurture them with love and understanding, and helping me overcome health problems.

No matter what I say or do, I can never thank him enough.

I firmly believe and pray that he will continue to be with us forever. I pray for him and thank him every day and also pray for his family's health and happiness.

Kumar Chugani
McAllen, Texas, USA

REMEMBERING HIS KINDNESS

Dadaji has been so kind to us. I have so many beautiful memories. Here are a few:

1) Many years ago, I went on a diet to lose weight. My sister and I were on a flight to Chennai to attend one of the festivals at the dargah. She asked me how I would stick to my diet while we were there*. I told her that I did not know, but we would see when we got there.

When I arrived and met Dadaji, he said to me, "Don't worry about putting on weight. Enjoy the food. Only before you eat anything, chant this mantra (Dadaji gave me one specifically), and you will not put on any weight." I hadn't uttered a word and he had read my mind! His words were true – I ate everything during the festival and did not gain a single pound.

2) I had a growth on my neck and the doctor I consulted advised me to have it surgically removed. I decided to wait until I saw Dadaji on my next trip to Chennai. When I told Dadaji about the growth, he said, "Take it out!" So when I returned home, I set up an appointment for the operation. To my surprise and shock, my doctor said she could no longer see the growth. She could not believe it! She said, "There is no way such a big growth can just disappear!" But with Dadaji's grace and blessings, it did.

3) On one of my earliest trips to Chennai, I got food poisoning after eating at a restaurant. I was so sick, I felt like I was going to die. My father went to Dadaji for help. Dadaji gave him a mantra and told him to touch my tongue and repeat it three times. He did as he was told

and immediately I experienced relief and fell asleep. The next day I was perfectly well.

Thank you Dadaji.

Pooja Chugani (Saju)
McCallen, Texas, USA

*During festivals at Sufi Dar, *devotees* are often served meals along with *prasad*. The food is entirely vegetarian but often consists of rich dishes such as *kormas, pooris, dahi vada* (fried dumplings in yoghurt), and sweets such as *gulab jamun* and *kheer*.

A PICTURE AND DIVINE PROTECTION

One of the first times I went to India I showed Dadaji a picture of my wife and sought his blessings for her. He gave me a *dus* for her to practise, which involved lighting a candle in front of Jesus every week.

I went back to our city, Laredo, Texas, and told my wife what Dadaji had asked her to do. She quickly set out to look for a nice picture of Jesus so she could start her *dus*. Back in the early 90's, our city was a modest one and there were no religious bookstores or a place where we could obtain a picture such as this one very easily. My wife went to a variety of stores and establishments without any luck. One day, after yet another futile attempt to search for a picture, a man approached her in the parking lot outside a K-mart store, and without saying a word handed her a picture of Jesus and simply walked away.

My wife was in awe and knew this was a gift from Dadaji and Puj Baba.

* * *

During one of my many trips to Chennai to attend religious celebrations at Sufi Dar, my wife called me in a very frantic tone telling me that we had escaped a catastrophe. She explained that while driving home with our three-year-old son, she made a right turn and saw out of the corner of her eye that the door of the backseat had swung open and then closed ever so slowly.

Her heart stopped and she quickly pulled over to the side of the road, knowing without a shadow of a doubt that she would see our son on the street, badly injured after opening the door and falling out. To her surprise, she did not see our son anywhere. She then realised he was in the backseat, sitting calmly and playing in his spot against the door that had just opened, absolutely unharmed!

I repeated this story to Dadaji as soon as I could and he replied almost instantaneously: "You were saved by Baba, because imagine what your wife would have thought if anything happened to your son while you were in Chennai attending one of our functions."

Shashi Vaswani
Laredo, Texas, USA

MOMENTS WITH THE MASTER

A few moments spent in the presence of the guru, the master, have a tremendous impact on a disciple's life. I was blessed with Dadaji's *darshan* for a few moments as a child. His blessings and grace have always been with me.

We felt his grace at every turn. My mother met Dadaji in New Delhi when she and my father were in search of a suitable husband for me. She showed him the horoscope of one man and Dadaji immediately told her he would be a good match for me. We have been happily married for over 30 years.

When I was pregnant, I had the good fortune of meeting Dadaji again. As I sought his blessings, he asked me to fly to India straight away and have my baby there. Within a month of landing in India, I started to have premature labour pains. I was admitted to hospital and was treated as my baby was too small to be born. With Dadaji's blessings and the medical assistance we received, my daughter was saved.

Like a master potter who holds a clay pot from within, Dadaji has been moulding me. His presence and blessings are the only source of strength that have helped me face the ups and downs of life. Mere words are not enough to explain Dadaji's greatness. Not a day goes by without me thinking of him. Every lesson of his, all the advice and his comforting words keep coming back to me.

Shukur, shukur, shukur Dadaji for everything you have given me and my family.

Kavita Daryanani
New Delhi, India

MY LIGHTHOUSE

In a world of uncertainty and confusion, Dadaji has been my lighthouse, gently and patiently showing me the way. It is easy when one is young to get carried away by exciting ideas and fancy people, but Dadaji made sure I stayed on track. His advice may have felt harsh at times, but years later, I understand his reasons in ways I could have never imagined. I am where I am today, with a good job, comfortable life, cool head, and happy family, because of his guidance and love.

One sequence of events, set off by Dadaji, really moves me. I was highly idealistic when I was at college, and I wanted to do work that helped others. If it wasn't for Dadaji, I may have decided to work for a non-profit organization. Instead, Dadaji told me to study business and to continue studying even after college and even after a master's programme. So, I went to the University of Texas to work on my PhD.

While I was there, I met the founder of an organization dedicated to fostering inner growth and generosity in the world, with the aim of making the world a better place. I connected almost instantly with the founder and since then I have fostered deep and close friendships with many of the members of this organization all over the world. The community has nourished me and helped me understand at a deeper level what "helping others" means.

My PhD led to a job as an assistant professor at a business school in New York. Now, I am able to bring the ideas of generosity and oneness into the classroom where I have access to the minds of future business

leaders. Because of where Dadaji has led me, I have this incredible opportunity to plant seeds in the minds of those who will affect the lives of many others through their business practices. This is the place I am meant to be. How could I ever have planned it out more perfectly myself?

I sometimes cannot believe how blessed my life is. I have more than I could ever ask for. It fills me with gratitude and makes me want to spread the love and joy to others who may not be as fortunate. Dadaji has put me in a unique place where I can do just that if I play my cards right. I wish he was still around to help me with the tough questions, but he always said to pray to Puj Baba and trust him. I believe the more we work on our inner growth, the more we will be able to hear the voices of Puj Baba and Dadaji and our intuition, which can guide us. Because of Dadaji's guidance, I am in a position to work on that inner growth so that I may deepen my connection to him and to the entire, interconnected cosmos.

I feel blessed beyond belief to have had the presence of this enlightened soul in my life; to have been able to simply pick up the phone to talk to him, and to hear him speak words of love and guidance back to me. I am forever grateful and I will make sure I do my part to allow these blessings to flow to others.

Sunaina Chugani
New York, USA

OUR INNER STRENGTH

Dadaji is the reason why I find what I do meaningful. Growing up, I always had a vision for a career path that looked very different from my family. I struggled to explain the reasons why I wanted to become a counsellor. Although my family always supported me, I felt that they were still unsure of my decision.

I can still remember the day when we were sitting in front of Dadaji and he told my mother, "Let her follow her heart." I cannot describe how I felt when he said these words. From that day on, Dadaji gave me the opportunity to be strong and follow my passion. I will forever remember that moment. I support and encourage others to overcome their life challenges by helping them focus on their inner strength. This is all because of Dadaji and Puj Baba's grace.

Manisha Mayani
Houston, Texas, USA

A SAVIOUR FOR MY FAMILY

Dadaji has been a savior for my family. He has been present at every stage of our lives from my wedding to the birth of my children and now blessing and protecting us all.

He assured us that Puj Baba would be present at our wedding. Knowing that Puj Baba and Dadaji had accepted and blessed our wedding gave us supreme happiness and a peaceful state of mind. Dadaji's blessings were so apparent, they were almost tangible, and that was just the beginning of the generosity and guidance I would receive from him.

He also named and blessed my children when they were born. At the time, I didn't realize how much of a blessing this was, but now, I truly appreciate it every day. My children are who they are because of Dadaji and I am forever thankful.

When my daughter was very young, Dadaji saved her life. Her health was in jeopardy and her life at risk, but Dadaji continued to assure us that everything would be fine. He performed a miracle that saved her life in a matter of minutes. He turned the situation around to make it an experience that fuelled my faith.

I see Dadaji's influence in our life on a daily basis. He has always been there and I am very thankful. Thank you Puj Baba, thank you Dadaji.

Rosy Sachdev
Laredo, Texas, USA

A GREAT SAINT

Our Dadaji was a great saint. We are so blessed and honoured to have been touched by his grace. Whatever we are today is only because of Dadaji's blessings, guidance and teachings. He loved all of us unconditionally and wanted only the best for all his disciples.

The first time we met Dadaji was in Florida when he came to meet his children. He was so kind, full of love and completely selfless. His divine energy left us speechless.

Our guru, Dadaji, has enriched our lives immensely. We have faced a lot of challenges in our lives. In 2006, our son Vicky had an accident and became paralyzed from the waist down. It was a shock and very hard to handle. We were in constant touch with Dadaji who guided and empowered us through the whole ordeal. I used to cry while speaking to him and I remember his words, "Be bold my child ... and pray to Baba. Baba can change destiny."

Today, so many years have passed since Vicky's accident and he is fully independent, very spiritual and positive, a transformational speaker, author and coach who shares his experiences to help inspire others. Our whole family has become very spiritual and has learned to accept and surrender everything in life to God. We realise that challenges occur in order to teach us lessons and help us progress on our spiritual journey.

I also remember in 2012 when my sisters and I wanted to start a non-profit organization called "Infinite Love" to help the needy and uplift the community. I asked Dadaji for blessings to do this work. He was so happy. He said with strong conviction and with his head bowed a little,

"When are you starting this work? Do it fast, do it fast ... a lot of people will benefit from this".

At that time we were just starting the paperwork, but I knew then that Dadaji's blessings were with us. Our organization is growing each year; we have helped so many people and our volunteers have also gained by having their hearts opened. Dadaji and Puj Baba are orchestrating the organization and we are just following their lead.

Dadaji is everything to us.

Malka and Suresh Shivdasani
McAllen, Texas, USA

SAVED FROM A CYCLONE

We have read that Puj Baba saved Rohri numerous times and Sai Baba did the same in saving Shirdi, but only a few people know that Dadaji saved the people of Chennai from losing their lives and property.

There is a saying of being in the right place at the right time. I was fortunate to be in Sufi Dar in October 2012 when Cyclone Nilam was destined to hit Chennai.

After Dua, everyone started leaving as they wanted to get home before the cyclone approached the city. After checking all the windows and doors in Sufi Dar and Dadaji's home, I was about to leave when Mahesh Khanna, another *sevadhari*, asked me to accompany him to complete the *seva* that Dadaji had given him. Dadaji gave him permission to take me along.

Mahesh Uncle explained that Dadaji had received *hukum* (a divine order) from Jhulelal Sain to put an offering of *akho* (a mixture of rice, fruit and flowers) in the sea.

When we arrived at the beach, we encountered heavy security with police blocking all the entry points. We were worried about how to complete the *seva*, but after reciting Puj Baba and Dadaji's names, we spoke to a police officer who surprisingly had no objection and let us proceed.

We then went to put the *akho* in the water. Dadaji told us that after making the offering, we should run as fast as possible, without even waiting to pray. He said, "Just run for your life!" Dadaji was absolutely right. As soon as uncle had offered the *akho* we were literally unable to stand on the beach as powerful gusts of wind blew

towards us. We ran for our lives and became calm only after reaching Sufi Dar where Dadaji told us that the cyclone had been deflected from Chennai.

The spot where we offered the *akho* was exactly the same spot where a ship named Prathiba Cauvery was stranded. We asked Dadaji if this was a sign that the lord had protected us, to which he simply smiled.

FAITH AND FORESIGHT

It was the sacred month of Data Dastagir Badshah's *varsi* and I was blessed to be chosen by Dadaji to distribute over 150 packets of *prasad* prepared by the *sevadharis*.

On the first day of the *seva*, Dadaji had asked us to offer flowers to Jhulelal every day. After offering the flowers and saying our prayers, we noticed that the flowers had taken the form of three Om symbols.

This was a very powerful *seva* and I was blessed to be a part of it for three years. However, in the third year, Dadaji told me to say to those receiving the *prasad*, "*Aglay saal inshallah*" (Hopefully next year too). I did as he instructed, but in my mind I wondered why he had asked me to utter these words as I was sure the *seva* would carry on each year.

The following year I got a new job, which meant I was unable to be part of the *seva*. Of course, Dadaji knew this a year in advance. It is at times like this that we miss him the most.

Kushal Raheja
Chennai, India

THE LIFEBLOOD OF MY FAMILY

I have been blessed to witness and experience a number of Dadaji's miracles.

One specific miracle relates to the birth of my daughter. She was about 20 days old and was not gaining any weight, which concerned our paediatrician.

It was a Friday evening and my wife called me in the office after my daughter's check-up saying that the paediatrician wanted her admitted to Apollo hospital for a few days to carry out a series of tests. She was worried there was something seriously wrong with our baby's health.

My wife and I panicked and did not know what to do. As always, whenever we faced any trouble, we approached our master, Dadaji. We narrated what the doctor had said, but Dadaji did not seem convinced and asked us a number of questions to understand why such a small baby should be admitted to a multi-specialty hospital. At the end of our conversation, he told us to pray to Puj Baba and do what the doctor advised.

The next day, our paediatrician called and asked us to meet her before admitting our daughter to hospital. We met her in the evening and she checked our daughter's weight. Amazingly, she had gained about 500 grams in one day! The paediatrician was completely surprised with this result – she couldn't believe her eyes. She told us that hospital admission was no longer necessary and that we could continue monitoring our daughter's situation.

On Sunday I met Dadaji and told him what had happened. He replied: "Tell your wife not to worry; your daughter will be absolutely fine". Several years have passed since then and we never encountered any such issues with my daughter's health.

Thank you Puj Baba and Dadaji for all your grace and blessings. You have been and will always be the lifeblood of my family.

Trilok Raheja
Chennai, India

STOPPING A BLEED

Bhai Ramchand, a devotee from Kolkata, was admitted to hospital due to a serious health issue.

While he was there, he would tell his visitors that Dadaji only visited rich devotees and never poor ones. So he was shocked when Dadaji paid him a visit. At the time, Bhai Ramchand was bleeding profusely, but as soon as Dadaji placed his hand on Bhai Ramchand's navel, the bleeding stopped.

Devotee

BUCKETS OF WATER

During one of the religious functions at Sufi Dar, we were carrying out our *seva* duties by preparing our water counter with glasses in time for the *sangat's* arrival. We had filled enough glasses as we knew roughly how many would be needed based on previous experience.

Dadaji was sitting in the prasad room at the time. He sent us a message through another *sevadhari*, urging us to ensure we had enough water for everyone as we may fall short of it. We could not understand why he had cautioned us in this way, but we heeded his advice and filled an extra bucket of water on that day.

To our astonishment, the devotees came in droves asking for glass after glass of water – the demand was much more than we had anticipated. I don't know what happened that day and how so much water was consumed, forcing us to constantly replenish the buckets. Dadaji foresaw that there would be a greater demand and thanks to his grace and advice, we were able to pass the test and complete our *seva* by ensuring there was enough water for all.

When I thanked Dadaji for his guidance, he replied with a tone of surprise, "Did I tell you this?" It was as though he knew nothing about it.

Vijay Khatri
Chennai, India

ESCAPING AN ACCIDENT

It was a Sunday evening and after my *seva*, I went to seek Dadaji's blessings. He said "*bhaji van*" (leave immediately, run away right now). I walked down the steps of Sufi Dar and sat down to talk to someone in the grounds of the dargah.

I hadn't realized the seriousness of Dadaji's message. He sent a *sevadhari* with another reminder for me to leave immediately. How did he know that I was sitting downstairs when he was on the first floor?

I left after five minutes and as I came to the end of the street I had an accident, although thankfully, I only suffered minor injuries. Believe it or not, the *sevadhari* who had delivered Dadaji's message asking me to leave, came to my rescue outside the street.

How did he know I was there? He said Dadaji had asked him to go out onto the street to help me and tell me that I had escaped a major accident.

Sevadhari

WHEN SPOILED MILK BECAME FRESH AGAIN

A religious occasion was taking place at Sufi Dar and a group of *sevadharis* were pouring glasses of milk for the devotees. Unfortunately, one of them realised that more than 50 litres of milk was spoiled and so he went to inform Dadaji about this.

Dadaji asked him to fill a bucket of the spoiled milk and bring it to the prasad room where he was sitting. The *sevadhari* brought in the bucket and Dadaji started pouring the milk into glasses while I and four other *sevadharis* looked on.

Dadaji asked all of us to taste the milk and tell him whether it was spoiled. To me, the milk tasted delicious and perfectly fresh. I couldn't understand what was happening. Everyone including the *sevadhari* who had brought in the bucket replied that the milk was perfect.

Dadaji then smiled and told the *sevadhari* to mix the milk from that bucket with the remaining litres, and magically, the milk became fresh again.

How can this be explained?

Sevadhari

THE ALL-KNOWER

One evening around 9pm, Dadaji had asked five *sevadharis* including myself to clean the small Bhagat room as part of our *seva*.

Among the five of us was a senior *sevadhari* who was about 50 years old and the rest were young men. At that time mobile phones were not very common. One of the *sevadharis* switched on his phone and discreetly began to show another *sevadhari* an obscene film which he had downloaded. The other three *sevadharis* were oblivious to what was happening.

At that time, Dadaji was extremely active and would routinely inspect the *sevadharis'* work. He came into the Bhagat room to inquire what items had been stored there. He looked at us all and said, *"Nanga naach disanda ta penja nasiba kharab kanda"*, (If you watch naked dances, you will ruin your fortunes). We were completely shocked by Dadaji's statement. Each of us bowed our heads out of respect and Dadaji left the room.

It was only then that the two *sevadharis* revealed to the others what they had been watching. It is disgusting to discuss this, but it illustrates that Dadaji is the all-knower. He knew exactly what was going on and who was involved without being present.

We bow down to you Dadaji.

Sevadhari

A DIVINE ENERGY

I grew up in a lower middle class family and 40 years ago, I worked at an electronics company as a helper, where I was paid a very nominal salary. I had no other option. My father was retired and as the eldest son in the family, the responsibility to provide fell on my shoulders.

My father once gave me ₹500 in order to start a business. I invested it in the electronics sector, worked hard with the help of my brothers, and was eventually able to provide enough for my family to live a middle class life.

One day, my brother-in-law invited me to his house to seek Dadaji's blessings. This was the first time I had met him, and when I saw his face, I was speechless. He had such an aura of divinity. I was mesmerised and couldn't take my eyes off him. He asked me about my profession and our factory. He then placed his hand on my head and blessed me.

One day, Dadaji paid a visit to our factory which we had decided to sell because of mounting debts. But Dadaji told me it was a goldmine and that I would see substantial progress if I kept it. He gave us many *dus* and from that day on, there was no end to the success we experienced. We did face many ups and downs; sometimes in business, sometimes with our health, but Dadaji always saved us from trouble.

One day he said "Actor, you only need money!" – this was a nickname he gave me. I smiled. I paid many visits to Chennai to seek Puj Baba and Dadaji's blessings. I would always tell him about my progress.

I once told Dadaji that my dream car was a Mercedes. He told me, "The day you purchase a Mercedes, you will be murdered". Since then, I tried several times in vain to get his permission to buy one. However, one day, he told my brother, "Buy a Mercedes for Actor". Strangely, each time we considered buying a Mercedes, we would encounter one problem after another. At one point, Dadaji even selected the model and colour we should buy, but somehow we were unable to buy it. We decided to drop the idea as we know, once Dadaji has warned us about something, it is in our best interests to steer clear of it.

The house in which we live today is also a gift from Dadaji. When he saw the house, he said, "Purchase it immediately at any cost. But remember, there is a Mata temple in this house, don't demolish this area". Remarkably, the entire house was demolished with the exception of the temple area. We have lived here for over 25 years and witnessed many miracles with Dadaji's blessings.

Where I am today is only because of his blessings. Dadaji, I miss you at every moment. You will remain in our hearts. Please bless us.

Manu Nathani
New Delhi, India

INSTANT FAITH

In 1987, I married Shashi Vaswani whose family had, and still has, total faith in Dadaji and Puj Baba. At the time, I had no knowledge of either. I kept hearing about and seeing the faith that they had, but I didn't share that feeling until March 1999.

That year, I went to Sufi Dar with my sister-in-law, Saju, to see Dadaji and attend the *Navratri* celebrations. The minute I met Dadaji, my life changed. I cannot describe the peace and love I felt.

If I have to use one word to describe what happened to me that trip, it is faith. Dadaji changed my life in a single minute. Since that day, I have had 100% faith in my guruji.

He gave me the strength to get through the hard times and has blessed me with so many good times.

Priya Vaswani
Laredo, Texas, USA

THE BUSINESS OF TOWELS

Raj Hathiramani, a loyal *sevadhari* of Sufi Dar, runs a business selling shirts. With Dadaji's blessings, he later expanded his business and began selling trousers and jeans. His business was doing well and he would get good orders for export. Each time he went overseas, he would show Dadaji his samples and take the ones Dadaji had selected.

On one occasion while making travel plans for work, Dadaji told him to take along some towel samples. For a moment, Raj was confused as he had only ever sold clothing, but he agreed, trusting Dadaji's advice. Raj didn't have enough time to source his own towels, so he took some samples from another *sevadhari* who owned a towel business.

During his business trip, he met a regular customer who asked him for some towel samples. The customer told Raj he was not interested in buying shirts or trousers this time. Unsurprisingly, Raj managed to secure a large order thanks to Dadaji and Puj Baba's blessings.

Devotee

BECOMING AN ALL-ROUNDER

When I think of my association with Dadaji I feel as though I have completed one of my purposes in life. I used to see people serving Dadaji and always wished I could be one of them. Who knew that my wish would be granted?

My father, Suresh Chugh, started visiting Sufi Dar after I was born. My earliest memory of Dadaji was when I started *seva* at the water counter. I was in the fourth standard in school at the time. The water counter was located outside Dadaji's house by the gates near the carpark. I would always watch Dadaji walk by, surrounded by many people.

I had frequently heard about Dadaji's miracles, but the first miracle I witnessed was in the fourth standard. I wanted to visit the Sabarimala temple and for some reason, that year my father decided not to go, so I insisted on going with his friends. My parents agreed, but only if Dadaji permitted me to go. My mother and I went to Sufi Dar and sought Dadaji's approval. He was silent for a few seconds, then looked at me and said "Go and return home safely".

It was December 6th – the day that the Babri Masjid was to be demolished – and there were bomb blasts around India. I was on the train and I had just brushed my teeth and returned to my seat when I heard an explosion. Shockingly, a bomb went off in the compartment next to mine. I'm sure it's because of Dadaji's blessings that I wasn't in that compartment. I'm sure it was his blessing which brought me back in one piece.

I was average academically and always made it a point to give my pens to Dadaji and seek his blessings before my exams. When I bowed down, he would gently knock me on my head. He always knew when I hadn't studied enough and would tell me to study some more. I secretly believed that if I met Dadaji before my exams I wouldn't have to study anymore.

I had to decide which educational field I wanted to enter, so as usual, I went to Dadaji with the options and he suggested I choose commerce and computer science. I'm still surprised that I managed to get a certificate for general proficiency, compete for first place in my class, and go on to complete my master's. I'm certain none of this would have been possible without Dadaji's *dus*.

A new rule was introduced at Sufi Dar – you could only perform *seva* if you had a badge. I was in the tenth standard and I had been doing *seva* for almost six years before this rule was introduced. I felt very upset as I wasn't in the age group to be eligible for a badge.

I went to Dadaji with my father and expressed my desire to do *seva*.

I told him I was prepared to do anything. He asked me to begin with the *chappal* counter and then become an all-rounder like Sonu (Moolchandani), another *sevadhari* who was staying with Dadaji at the time. I was so happy that I was allowed to resume my *seva*, that I hadn't paid much attention to Dadaji's words. I have been a part of the water counter, *chappal* counter, the cleaning team, the *prasad* counter, and most importantly, I was blessed to stay with Dadaji and serve him. It was only then that I realised what he had said. My prayers were answered

when I was asked if I could stay with Dadaji. I said yes immediately.

So I started staying at Dadaji's house during the nights and would work during the day. One day while I was on my way from work to Sufi Dar, I skid and fell off my bike with the bike landing forcefully on top of me. The impact was serious and I immediately wondered whether I would be able to get up.

To my surprise, on that lonely road at about 11.30pm where it is rare to see anyone, there was a man standing beside his vehicle. He witnessed the incident, helped me up, parked my bike, and checked if I was alright.

He then asked me to leave my bike behind and volunteered to drop me wherever I needed to go. He took me to Sufi Dar, telling me that he lived nearby. I have no doubt he was sent by God. Dadaji shouted at me and told me never to ride a two-wheeler again – and I haven't done so since that day. He sent me to the hospital and told me not to stay at his house that night. The doctors found a torn ligament in my leg, which normally takes months to heal. I recovered in less than a week and was back to my *seva* with Dadaji in three days.

At some point, my father decided to close his business. We received great offers for the property that we possessed and were ready to sell the same at a steal, but Dadaji told us not to. Today we are proud owners of that property and we are very happy we listened to Dadaji during those tough times.

I wanted to sell my old car and buy a new one. Buyers were offering ₹70-80,000 as the car was a decade old. Dadaji advised me not to sell until I received ₹110,000.

To be honest, I wasn't sure if I would get a buyer as it was way above the market price for a car that old, but I eventually sold my car for exactly ₹110,000 and bought a new one with Dadaji's blessings. I was the happiest person that day!

Dadaji always told me that I would go overseas. I am writing this note in Dubai, which proves that everything he said either became true, or will become true in the coming years. One never knows at the time why Dadaji has asked us to do something, but we will eventually find out when the time is right.

The latest addition to the blessings bucket was when Manish Hathiramani (Dadaji's grandson) married my sister Neha. I always considered Dadaji's family as my own and they have always treated me as their own. My sister's wedding was another blessing from Dadaji telling me in his own way that he is with me and my family and will always be there.

I stayed with Dadaji for almost four and half years. Every time I listen to his favourite *kalaams* I remember his smile and the blessings he showered upon me. Whatever I am is only because of Dadaji's guidance. Even today, if I need something or I'm stuck somewhere, I know he is around helping me succeed. I've learned so much from Dadaji and I am truly blessed to have had the opportunity to serve him.

Monish Chugh
Dubai, UAE

BECOMING A BRIGHT STUDENT

I have been associated with Sufi Dar for about 44 years.

My son was academically very weak and would never concentrate on his education.

As a worried father, I shared this problem with Dadaji. He asked me to light *agarbattis* (incense sticks) for God and as I did so, my son began to gain interest in his studies. My son eventually rose to the top ranks at his school and later became vice president at Hewlett Packard. All of this is thanks to Dadaji.

Kishin Tikamdas
Chennai, India

ESCAPING A BUS CRASH

One year during *Navratri*, Mr Gyani visited Sufi Dar. He sat down to press Dadaji's feet and while doing this, Dadaji said to him, "You have come all the way from America ... you will definitely take something from here".

After the function Mr Gyani went to Delhi and then Punjab. After arriving in Patiala, he took the bus to go to Chandigarh. On the way, his bus crashed in a collision killing all the passengers on board. Mr Gyani managed to jump through the window and survived the accident with Dadaji's blessings.

Jai Ho Puj Dadaji.

Sharda Gyani
USA

THE TROUBLED MUSICIAN

Surdas, a musician, has performed at Sufi Dar for almost for 40 years. Very early on during one of his trips, Dadaji asked him why he looked unwell. Surdas said he had been suffering with a headache.

After Puj Baba's *aarti*, Dadaji gave Surdas 40 ayurvedic pills and advised him to take the medicine every night. He promised that Puj Baba would relieve him of the headaches.

Surdas returned the next morning and said that the pain had disappeared. After a week, he came back to perform bhajans and told Dadaji that his pain had vanished completely.

However, unfortunately, Dadaji was then afflicted with terrible headaches for three days and three nights. This was because he had promised that Puj Baba would relieve Surdas' headaches without first consulting Puj Baba.

Nevertheless, Puj Baba showed his kindness by putting Surdas out of his misery.

Devotee

MURSHID, NOT MARBLE

Bhagwan Dass, a tailor in Chennai, was asked to make a *chola* for Puj Baba's statue in Sufi Dar.

During that time, Dadaji was at his office, so he asked Koshu Gopwani, a devotee, to be with Bhagwan while he stitched the *chola*. That same night while Dadaji was asleep, he felt a sharp poke and yelled in pain. Jolting up, he looked around but couldn't find the object of his pain.

The next morning, Dadaji wondered what the cause of the sharp pain could have been the previous night. He received an inner voice from Puj Baba: "You were poked once and yelled in pain, just think how much I suffered when your tailors were jabbing their needles into me while making my *chola*. They think I am only a piece of marble".

Immediately, Dadaji called Koshu and asked her if any needle had poked Baba while the *chola* was being made. Koshu replied, "How did you know?" She admitted that needles had poked Baba several times.

Dadaji immediately asked Baba for forgiveness.

Devotee

BLESSED WITH TWIN SONS

I got married in 1992 and for some time, my wife and I had no children. One day, five years later, I was in Dadaji's house doing some *seva*. Dadaji asked me to clean his desk. On his desk I found a bottle of homeopathic medicine, which Dadaji asked me to take both in the morning and at night with some milk. Not long after, my wife conceived and with the blessings of Puj Baba and Dadaji, we were given the gift of twin sons.

* * *

YEARNING FOR A BABY

My sister and brother-in-law were having trouble conceiving. Dadaji advised us to take her to Dr. Prema. She eventually conceived, but had a miscarriage. She consulted another doctor and conceived twice after that, but again suffered two miscarriages.

We went to seek Dadaji's blessings and he said "I have asked you to take her to Dr. Prema". We did as he said and with Puj Baba and Dadaji's blessings my sister delivered a baby boy after ten years of marriage.

* * *

PERFECT EYESIGHT

I used to suffer from severe headaches and I was advised by doctors to wear glasses. However, Dadaji told my mother, the glasses wouldn't be necessary if I ate three servings of *kutti* (made of *atta* (flour), ghee and sugar. This was a true miracle, because since then, I have never needed glasses despite the fact that my entire family wears them.

Sonu Moolchandani
Chennai, India

BLESSINGS THROUGH MY WORK

In 1989 I was taken by Mr Vedu, a devotee, to work at Dadaji's house. I worked there for a year and then left. Dadaji called me back for service and said, "You will be with me till my last". It is true; I was with him, and he will be with me till my last.

When Bhabhiji was about to leave this mortal world, Dadaji called me and said, "Sit with Bhabiji and learn how she performs *puja*, because I am going to be alone and you will have to do it". And as he said, it happened so.

Dadaji got me married a few days before he took *mahasamadhi*. He told me: "You will be very happy". I didn't understand why he said that. When he took *maha-samadhi*, I was in tears, but another part of me experienced happiness as he gave me the gift of a daughter.

His words never fail. He also said: "As you have looked after me, remain like this with my family." Dadaji always gave me freedom in my work and his family shares the same nature. I am very thankful to him for everything.

In 2012 my son's skin was badly burnt. The doctors recommended surgery and also said that his scars would remain for more than a year. When Dadaji learned about this, he sent his blessings. In the end, my son did not need surgery and recovered fully solely by using some ointment.

Verghese
Chennai, India

RUNNING MY SHOP

Since 1975, my family and I have been attending *aarti* on Sundays at Sufi Dar.

One day, I was forced by my landlord to vacate my shop. I asked Dadaji for his advice and he suggested I open my shop at a different premises. After few days, I received a call from another shop and asked Dadaji what I should do. He told me to carry on working at my present location and even suggested a name for the shop. With his blessings, everything went smoothly.

My family and I take him as our father. Dadaji has blessed us in other areas of our life too, so that things go well. Today my position is only because of Dadaji's blessings.

Manoo K Sadarangani

A GIFT OF CHOCOLATE

When I got married, my in-laws told me that we would be going to Sufi Dar to seek Puj Baba and Dadaji's blessings. It was going to be my first meeting with Dadaji and I was a little nervous. As I stepped towards him and bowed down, he gave me a big pack of Dairy Milk chocolate. I was shocked because it is my favourite chocolate. He told me that it was Puj Baba who had given him the message that I loved Dairy Milk and Puj Baba told Dadaji to give it to me when I visited. My eyes filled with tears. Thank you Baba Sain, thank you Dada Sain.

Devotee

* * *

FEAR AT THE TIME OF PREGNANCY

When I conceived for the second time, I was filled with fear. When it came to Dadaji's notice, he reassured me, told me not to be scared and gave me an *akhar* to recite. When I had one month left until my delivery date, Dadaji asked me to take 30 pieces of misri and eat one misri daily. It was because of his blessings that all my fear vanished and I gave birth to a baby girl.

Devotee

SAVED FROM A HURRICANE

A devotee called Dadaji to say that a hurricane was approaching her city.

Her neighbours were all leaving their houses and taking shelter where possible. She asked Dadaji what she should do. Dadaji gave her a mantra to chant and told her not to leave her house, reassuring her that the hurricane would not harm her in any way.

The hurricane swept through her city wreaking havoc, but the devotee's family and her house were safe throughout.

Devotee

A CANCER DIAGNOSIS

Prakash, a devotee from Dubai, travelled with his mother to Chennai to seek the blessings of Puj Baba and Dadaji.

Dadaji asked Prakash to take his mother for a complete health check-up. Prakash took this advice lightly. The next day at Sufi Dar, Dadaji asked him what the doctor had said. Prakash replied that he hadn't yet made an appointment for his mother. Dadaji asked him to ensure the check-up was done soon.

Prakash finally took his mother to the doctor and she was sadly diagnosed with cancer. Dadaji told Prakash to spend thousands of rupees to feed the cows* every day for a period of time as Prakash's mother had to pay her dues. Prakash followed Dadaji's instructions. After six months, his mother passed away peacefully.

Devotee

* Many Hindus revere and worship cows as they are considered sacred animals. The cow is a symbol of the divine bounty of earth and it is considered auspicious to feed them.

THE MAN WITH THE PAIN IN HIS WAIST

A *sevadhari* was cleaning the floor at Sufi Dar when he suddenly felt a sharp strain in his waist which caused him severe pain. With the help of two *sevadharis*, he went to the prasad room to seek Dadaji's blessings.

Dadaji asked the other *sevadharis* to hold the hands of the injured *sevadhari* and asked one of them to pound him several times in the area where he had felt the pain. The injured *sevadhari* winced and with every punch Dadaji recited "*Haq Maula Haq**" (roughly translated as 'the truth of my master Ali'). Within a few minutes the pain disappeared.

After that incident, Dadaji began calling the *sevadhari* "*chel je sur varo*" (the man with the pain in his waist)!

Devotee

*Hazrat Imam Ali (Imam Ali ibn Abi Talib) was the cousin and son-in-law of the Prophet Muhammad.

INFINITE BLESSINGS

Salutations at the holy feet of Dadaji. I struggle to find the words to write about him I remember my parents had been to Sufi Dar many years ago.

Dadaji had given my mom a big bowl of almonds to peel. I don't know what danger he saw, and what he was protecting them from, but he held them back and delayed their departure.

Dadaji told me to come regularly on Sundays. In those days, *aarti* would begin at 8:15pm. Dadaji told me blessings are showered at home, but more so at Sufi Dar. Coincidentally, today it is 8:15pm on a Sunday and here I am, sharing my thoughts. Many thanks to Dadaji for all the blessings.

Rajan Kalra
Chennai, India

THE CHRISTMAS CANDLE

On Christmas Eve one year, Dadaji lit a candle at Sufi Dar. The candle, which was supposed to burn for a maximum of 72 hours, stayed lit for 156 hours.

Photographs of the Christmas celebrations were taken that evening and the next day. The photos surprisingly showed an empty frame where the image of Jesus Christ should have been. Dadaji said Lord Jesus was walking around Sufi Dar while the Christmas celebrations took place.

Devotee

SAVED FROM A HEART ATTACK

There was a devotee who first came to Sufi Dar in 2002 and soon began to do *seva*.

In 2005, in the early hours of the morning, her husband was feeling uneasy and very restless. The couple decided to go to the hospital immediately.

The devotee had no one who could take them to the hospital. But she had to wait less than a minute before an auto-rickshaw approached and its driver offered to give them a free ride.

The doctors told the devotee she had arrived just in time, and that if she had come in five minutes later, her husband would have had a massive heart attack.

The most surprising part of it all was the arrival of the auto-rickshaw, out of nowhere, so early in the morning, and the driver's refusal to accept any money.

That can only be his grace. He says, you come one step towards me and I will move a hundred steps towards you. The auto-rickshaw driver was our Puj Baba who reaches millions of places at the same moment when his devotees call him in pain.

Thank you Puj Baba and Dadaji for being with us at every moment.

Devotee

SAVING LIVES

One day, two devotees went to seek blessings from Dadaji before leaving for a trip to attend a wedding.

In the evening, they received a call from Dadaji asking them to come to Sufi Dar for *seva* the following day.

The devotees were surprised given Dadaji knew they had prior commitments, but they decided to follow his instructions as *hukum*.

They arrived at Sufi Dar in the morning and did their *seva*. Later Dadaji said to them, "Weren't you supposed to go on a trip?" They told Dadaji they had originally planned to travel, but since he asked them to attend their *seva*, they did so. Dadaji told them to take a flight the same day so as not to miss the wedding.

They later found out that the train on which they were scheduled to travel earlier that day met with an accident.

These are the blessings of Puj Baba and Dadaji.

Suneeta Nathani
New Delhi, India

MY SOURCE OF HOPE AND LIGHT

God works in ways we often cannot understand.

Sufi Dar is a place where you can understand it most simply.

My most memorable incident happened when I was 16; a high school girl with a dream of participating in an inter-school theatre competition. All was well until 3 days, before the day. That's when everything went wrong and I couldn't remember feeling more helpless and physically and mentally exhausted.

It was *Navratri* at the time. I had so much to do and I had a lot to study. But I felt something pulling me to attend *Navratri* that day.

I had a feeling that everything would be okay. I walked up the stairs to Sufi Dar and saw that the Gods were dressed in green – the exact colour of my team. It was funny because I joked with my family that they should support me by wearing green during the competition.

The day of the competition arrived and my team won. A record of sorts was created; my team had won after 10 years.

Sufi Dar is now the one constant in my life. It stands for hope. The weekly messages on the white board have spoken to me in ways words cannot describe. It is truly my source of light in darkness.

Riddhi R. Kalra
Chennai, India

A HEALING OINTMENT

My mother was a *sevadhari* at Sufi Dar and visited the dargah regularly. My father never did.

My father suffered from severe shoulder pain and even after a number of treatments, the pain would not subside. My mother asked Dadaji for a remedy and he gave her an ointment to apply on my father's shoulder.

My father was convinced the ointment wouldn't work as he had already tried it in the past. But my mother insisted he try it again because Dadaji had suggested it. He applied the ointment before going to bed. Miraculously, the pain disappeared the next morning.

The best part is that my father became a *sevadhari* at Sufi Dar after this incident.

Sonu Moolchandani
Chennai, India

A SECOND LIFE

On 23rd July 2000, I visited my sister at St Isabel's Hospital in Chennai. She was pregnant at the time and was not supposed to fast, so I had kept a fast on her behalf and took some *prasad* to the hospital. I ate a piece of *peda* (a thick semi-soft Indian sweet) and had with me a *mosumbi* (a sweet lime) which I had planned to eat at home.

When I left the hospital, I debated going back to Sufi Dar. I had spent the entire previous day there and thought that if I returned now, I would end up getting home very late as I had a 10-kilometre journey ahead of me. So I decided to go straight home.

As I crossed the bridge, I noticed a problem with my motorbike. I went to a mechanic nearby who said the repairs could only be done the next morning. I asked him if he could repair my motorbike straight away as I had to get home. He agreed to do so, but warned me not to let go of the accelerator, otherwise the motorbike would stop again.

I drove a few kilometres and was almost three-quarters of the way home when my motorbike stopped again. I showed it to another mechanic who said there was nothing he could do at that moment to fix it. I asked him to lend me another motorbike so I could get home. He kindly did so, but said he would need it back the following morning. I took the borrowed motorbike and set off again.

I have no recollection of what happened after that. All I remember was two auto-rickshaw drivers taking me to hospital. The events leading up to this are still a mystery.

One auto-rickshaw driver found my driving licence and contacted my family. My wife answered the phone and fainted after hearing the news that I had been hospitalized. My twin sons were only five years old. My father called Dadaji who was out for a walk at the time. Dadaji said he would return home, have his dinner and then head to Apollo Hospital where I was. In the meantime he sent four *sevadharis* to be with me at the hospital.

The auto-rickshaw driver told my father that while on a stretcher in my unconscious state, I was chanting "Baba-Dada". My hands and legs had been tied up.

Dadaji arrived at the hospital and stood beside me saying "*Uthi natho?*" (Won't you get up?) He repeated this a few times, but I didn't respond.

My father cried and pleaded with Dadaji to save my life, saying "Please Dadaji, *meri jholi bhar do**". Dadaji prayed fervently for me as the doctors said I was not responding to any of their treatments and would need surgery. He then came towards me and said again "*Sonu bacha, uth ... uthi natho?*" (Sonu, my child, get up ... won't you get up?) He patted me softly on my cheeks and in a second I felt like I had awoken from a long sleep. Seeing Dadaji in front of me I tried to bow down to him, as I didn't realise my arms and legs were tied up.

I was then taken to another hospital accompanied by Dadaji, my father and the *sevadharis*. The doctors went through the same series of questions which I was asked at Apollo Hospital. With Puj Baba and Dadaji's blessings, I responded well to the treatment and was told that I was perfectly alright. The doctors said surgery

was unnecessary but that they would monitor me in an intensive care unit for two days.

After I was discharged from hospital, I went straight to Sufi Dar to thank Puj Baba and Dadaji for their grace and for blessing and saving me. It is a miracle that I am alive today.

Sonu Moolchandani
Chennai, India

* "*Jholi bar do*" literally means "fill my bag", although rather than a bag, the *jholi* refers to the lower part of a kurta which a beggar may fold upwards from the corners to receive donations. However this phrase is often used in qawwalis and other devotional music where the singer takes on the role of a beggar requesting the divine for blessings, both physical and spiritual.

TESTING MY MASTER

Many years ago I made plans for a trip to Jabalpur. Before leaving, I sought Dadaji's blessings and also met him upon my return.

Dadaji saw me and said that I had met four saints during my trip. "The first one you met was in Satnam Village and he was saying '*Jai Siya Ram*' to you, but you didn't reply". I asked Dadaji, "How did you know?" Dadaji replied and said, "That was me."

I asked Dadaji where I went next. To this he replied, "You met Sant Ram Das", and proceeded to give me a full description of that saint. Dadaji continued by telling me that I later visited a saint who was wearing only a lungi and that there was a long queue of devotees waiting to meet him. He added that I went to one final place.

I became very curious and asked Dadaji to tell me about my final visit. Dadaji said nothing for a long time. I kept asking and Dadaji said, "Do you want to test me?"

After the daily Dua prayers, I very humbly again requested Dadaji to please tell me about the final place. Dadaji said: "You met a man, dark in complexion who was carrying a bag of garbage over his shoulder".

He also told me that I had met many swamis whose lockets (*tabiz*) I was still wearing.

Dadaji blessed me so I would progress in life and he told me about the many things I would gain. Since Dadaji has taken *mahasamadhi*, he has appeared in my dreams at least six times.

I am very, very thankful to him that he has always blessed me and will keep blessing me.

Suresh Lalwani
Chennai, India

BEAUTIFUL BLESSINGS

Dadaji is always showering his blessings upon us. Whenever we have experienced difficult times, he has shown us the way.

When we purchased our new showroom, Dadaji came to the construction site and blessed us. And when the showroom was ready, he came over and prayed there for 30 minutes. With his blessings we are on the correct path and progressing well in our field.

We learned many things from him. He would say, "Feeding the poor is very good; no *daan* is bigger than *andaan*". And he asked us to feed the cows too.

I remember one instance in April 2013, Dadaji gave us a photograph of Badshah Sain to frame. He told us to keep the photo in our shop for three days and then report back with a miracle. We did as Dadaji said, framing the photograph and keeping it on a table behind my chair. To our surprise, a buyer made an offer on one of our paintings, which was quite expensive and which we hadn't been able to sell for six months despite our best efforts. The buyer gave us a very good price.

When I went to deliver the framed photo of Badshah Sain, Dadaji asked, "*Koi chamatkar hua*" (Was there any miracle)? I told him about the sale of the expensive painting and our good fortune.

Another time, Dadaji asked us to design a carving for the entrance door of the Dua room. We didn't take any measurements, nor were we given any sizes. But somehow, when we installed the carving, it was just perfect. It was only possible with Dadaji's grace and blessings.

R. Shah
Chennai, India

THE WRONGFUL CONVICTION

Around 40 years ago, Dadaji would regularly visit Parry's fruit market to buy fruits for *Navratri* celebrations at Sufi Dar. My late husband would accompany him around the market for the purchase and at that time, we were quite naive as we had no idea about his spiritual power.

My husband was once convicted for something with which he had no involvement. We were unsure of what to do. Someone suggested putting in a word to Dadaji. I was really not in a position to meet him, so I gave my husband's photo to one of our neighbours who passed it on to Dadaji. Of course, Dadaji instantly recognised my husband and asked the neighbour to pass on the message that we should light an incense stick in front of Jhulelal's picture so that things would get back on track.

You won't believe it, but the moment I did that, there was a knock on the door and it was my husband standing there. From that moment on, I started believing in Dadaji as he showered his blessings upon us.

Another incident was when my husband visited Dadaji to seek blessings before his Singapore business trip. Dadaji advised him not to bring back any gold from Singapore, and to feed ₹101 worth of mung beans to the pigeons. After his trip, my husband brought a lot of goods into India and surprisingly, the customs officer didn't bother checking our luggage, thus saving us from some customs charges.

There are so many more incidents to share in which we had a glimpse of his grace.

Leena Gopaldass
Chennai, India

PROTECTING MY FATHER'S HEALTH

Over 30 years ago my father, Satnam Singh, was leaving to perform his *kirtan* programme when all of a sudden, a *satsangi* entered our house and said to him: "It is Dadaji's *hukum* that I take you to hospital. Dadaji has said that a blood transfusion of 7 bottles is needed otherwise you could suffer a heart attack."

My father was shocked and initially suggested that he would visit the doctor in the evening after his programme. But the *satsangi* insisted that they go to the doctor immediately as per Dadaji's *hukum*.

The doctor performed a thorough check-up and found that my father's haemoglobin levels were very low. As a diabetic, there was a huge risk of a heart attack. A blood transfusion was arranged.

A few years later, my father was seriously ill and was admitted to hospital. He stayed there for a month while the doctors undertook various tests. After this, the doctors said they could no longer offer any treatment and my father had no chance of survival.

My mother called Dadaji and begged for my father's life. Dadaji blessed her and said we should take my father home and find another doctor. As per his *hukum*, we found a new doctor and my father began to recover. With Dadaji's grace, he was soon back to normal health.

Dadaji generously takes care of his devotees, no matter which country or city they may be in. If there is trust, the guru's mercy is automatically showered upon us.

Ruby
New Delhi, India

FROM A SHOE SELLER TO A JEWELLER

One of Dadaji's devotees had a shoe shop in Hyderabad, but was not earning much money.

Due to his low income, he wanted to sell his shop and asked Dadaji if it would be wise to do so. Dadaji asked him to wait for a few months as the shop was not worth a large amount at that point.

Every six months, the devotee would ask Dadaji if he could sell his shop and Dadaji would again ask him to wait. Four years passed and a jeweller opened a store next door to the shoe shop. The devotee told Dadaji he had a potential buyer – a jeweller – who was willing to pay ₹1.2 million for his shop, a much higher amount than the ₹300,000 he would have received four years ago.

Dadaji urged him not to sell, but the devotee was insistent. So Dadaji said he could sell the store, but only if the buyer agreed to make the devotee a partner in his jewellery store. Amazingly, the jeweller agreed to this condition as he so desperately wanted the shoe shop. And just like that, the devotee went from being a shoe salesman to a jeweller.

Narrated by Ashok Khubchandani
Chennai, India

SAVING THOUSANDS FROM A TRAIN CRASH

One day I informed Dadaji that I would be going to Delhi for a business trip. Dadaji asked me to carry the photo on my way back to Chennai. Mr Khubchandani prior to my return where I would receive a photograph of Allah sain. Dadaji asked me to carry the photo on my way back to Chennai with utmost care and respect.

I did as Dadaji asked and held onto the photo carefully during my train journey to Chennai. After a few hours, near Jhansi, the train came to a screeching halt and then began to reverse rapidly for about five minutes. The other passengers and I panicked and could not understand what was happening.

The train eventually stopped moving and when we spoke to the authorities, we learned that the driver was supposed to change tracks, but had fallen asleep and put the train in reverse. We were lucky to have avoided a major accident. Another train was approaching on the opposite track, and if the driver had reacted any later, we would have had a major collision.

When I returned to Chennai, I narrated the whole episode to Dadaji. He said the sacred photo of Allah that I had been carrying had saved my life and thousands of others. This photo has been placed in the Dua room at Sufi Dar.

* * *

A JUICY MANGO

At the end of one of the religious occasions at Sufi Dar, I went to seek Dadaji's blessings before returning home. Dadaji, ever gracious, gave me a bag full of *prasad* and was about to give me a mango too. In the meantime, a fellow *sevadhari*, to whom I would often give a lift, told me that it was getting late and so we left for home.

On the way, about 1km from Sufi Dar, my eyes were suddenly drawn to a big mango lying on the side of the road. I don't know what prompted me or attracted me towards that mango, but I stopped and picked it up. I ate it when I got home and it was delicious; sweet and pulpy. The next day when I returned for *seva*, Dadaji asked me whether I had received *prasad* the previous day. I said I had and thanked him for the big bag he had given me. He then asked if I had also received a mango. I told him that I left before he had distributed the mangoes, but that I found a very big tasty and pulpy mango on my way home.

Dadaji simply smiled. This story shows that Dadaji always looked after his devotees.

* * *

A HEALED FRACTURE

I had once fallen and injured my lower back. An x-ray showed I had a hairline fracture and my doctor strictly advised me to have six months of bed rest.

My wife and I went straight from the clinic to see Dadaji and told him about my back. Dadaji asked which doctor I had seen and reassured me that there was nothing wrong.

He asked me to lie down in the Guru room (a room on the Sufi Dar premises). He gave my wife some ghee from his house and asked her to apply a small amount on the painful part of my lower back. He also said I should see him 10 minutes after the ghee had been applied.

After 10 minutes, I rose from the bed and realised I had no pain at all. I went to see Dadaji and told him I felt absolutely fine. Dadaji told me to get another x-ray and show it to the doctor I had seen earlier. The doctor was completely baffled when I presented him with the new scan which showed that the hairline fracture had disappeared.

* * *

RECOVERING BUSINESS FINANCES

When I first started my business about 25 years ago, I had some stock worth ₹40,000, which was a large amount for me in those days. I had purchased it from a manufacturer and kept it at home for about six months.

One day during my *seva*, Dadaji asked if I had ₹40,000 lying around at home. I told Dadaji that I didn't recall having such an amount at home. However, I knew he couldn't be wrong because he is all-knowing. I thought perhaps my wife had kept ₹40,000 at home, but not revealed it to me.

Two days later, Dadaji asked my wife the same question. As she had no knowledge of any money at home, she suspected that I had hidden it away without telling her.

One week later, Dadaji called to tell me that there was ₹40,000 worth of stock lying idly in my house and that I

should return it to the manufacturer. It was then that my wife and I realised what Dadaji was hinting at with his questions, but we were foolish and didn't comprehend his message. I told Dadaji that I had purchased the stock six months ago and that there was no way the manufacturer would agree to buy back his goods.

Dadaji gave me a rubber band to wrap around my finger. He said I should rub that finger while requesting the manufacturer to take back the goods to help me negotiate a successful deal. Astonishingly, we struck a deal where the manufacturer not only agreed to take back his goods, but also immediately paid me ₹40,000.

* * *

FROM SPOILED TO FRESH KHEERNI

During one of the religious occasions at Sufi Dar, the *sevadharis* were preparing to serve *kheerni* (rice pudding) as prasad to the devotees. While preparing it, we realized the *kheerni* was spoiled and could not be served. I informed Dadaji who quickly came to the kitchen area. He said a prayer and put his hand into the boiling pot of *kheerni* and stirred it. He removed his hand after a few minutes and washed it. Luckily he sustained no burns, which was in itself a miracle. He instructed me to cover the *kheerni* with a lid and not to remove it until it was ready to be served.

When the *kheerni* was finally served, we were all pleasantly surprised. It tasted fresh and delicious and the devotees relished it.

Ashok Engineer
Chennai, India

THE SALON, THE BROKEN LEG AND THE HALWA

Over 40 years ago a friend of mine asked me to visit Sufi Dar and Dadaji.

We felt very peaceful after our first visit, and it was on our third visit that we had the opportunity to meet Dadaji. He asked us, "Who are you and do you want something?" We told Dadaji that we didn't want anything and were simply grateful to experience so much peace at the dargah. He told us to keep coming, and slowly we became regulars at Sufi Dar.

One Sunday afternoon, it was raining heavily and we were drenched as we entered Sufi Dar. As soon as Dadaji saw us, he asked Bhabhiji to bring some towels and also give us some hot milk to drink. We were so touched by Dadaji's love and affection.

We used to run a beauty parlor and the business was doing ok. One day at the dargah Dadaji lit a diya and left the burnt matchstick on the table. I took the matchstick to my shop and to our surprise that day our earnings were four or five times higher than normal. Since then I have collected so many burnt matchsticks lit by Dadaji.

As the days passed by we decided to sell our shop and told Dadaji our plans. He advised us to sell the property for ₹800,000, which seemed like an impossible number because the current market rate was around ₹200,000-300,000 only. Amazingly, we found a buyer who agreed to the price straight away.

* * *

Many years ago I received a call from the police informing me that my son had been in an accident. On my way to see my son I prayed fervently to Puj Baba and vowed that if I could bring my son home safely, I would go to the dargah, but if anything happened to him, I would never visit the dargah again. When I arrived, I was happy to see my son was safe, but had injured his leg severely.

After taking my son to the hospital, we returned home. I had serious doubts about him ever being able to walk on his leg normally. I visited Dadaji and told him what had happened. He replied that my son would begin walking again after 30 days.

I was fast asleep on the 30th night when I heard a noise and woke up to find my son walking slowly, unassisted, to the bathroom. It was around 11.30pm and I called Dadaji straight away to thank him.

* * *

One day when we were about to return home after completing our *seva* at Sufi Dar, Dadaji gave us a box of *halwa*. It wasn't a special occasion so we wondered why he had given us these sweets. That same evening we found out that my daughter-in-law was pregnant. Dadaji knew of this good news much in advance.

Dadaji is the big magnet and we are the small iron filings.

Devotee

AN EMBODIMENT OF LOVE AND AFFECTION

Whenever I think of my master, my heart is overwhelmed with gratitude. I have received so much valuable guidance from him, which has enriched my entire being.

About 16 years ago I joined daily *seva* at Sufi Dar. I went not knowing what was in store for me and I ended up finding an ocean of love there.

Dadaji welcomed me, and his kind words "good luck" constantly echo in my mind whenever I think of him.

After 8 months of *seva*, Dadaji gave me *naam*. He would always encourage me to do my *jaap* and ensured that I understood its importance.

Dadaji was an embodiment of love and affection. He was always willing to hear me out and guide me.

My entire family has received his love and grace.

My brother's engagement broke twice and we were very upset. Dadaji gave him a remedy and with his grace my brother is now happily married.

My cousin went through a bad marriage and the course of events led to a divorce. Dadaji lovingly heard her out and gave her a remedy. With Dadaji's grace and blessings, she too is happily married.

Another cousin of mine was struggling to get pregnant. Dadaji blessed her and steered her life in another direction where she felt so blessed and accepted the pain of not being able to bear a child.

One year during the holy month of Ramadan, my family came to Chennai. I wanted them to have good *darshan* with my master who meant so much to me. I was not sure how things would materialize. Not only did my family enjoy a lovely *darshan*, but Dadaji invited them to sit in his house and gave them some *prasad*. I was so humbled by this entire scene as my master showered my family with so much love and affection, and even asked me later if they were happy with their visit.

I would not have found my life's worth without meeting Dadaji. I am grateful to the universe for making me meet my master, my guru, my mentor. I am blessed with more than I could have ever imagined.

My master, please bless me so that I can sincerely walk on the path that you have shown me. *Shukhrana, shukhrana, shukrana*.

Jai Puj Baba, Jai Dadaji.

Devotee

OUR WISHES FULFILLED

About 27 years ago, fortune smiled upon me and I joined the milk *seva*, which was held every Thursday at the holy shrine of Puj Moti Baba Sahibji's dargah in Chennai. I performed this *seva* for two years, and very often had the opportunity of Dadaji's *darshan* while I was there. One day, Dadaji blessed me and gave me the boon of *seva* at Sufi Dar.

* * *

Many years ago I requested Dadaji to bless me so I could buy a home. Dadaji worked out a deal for a flat which was being sold by another *sevadhari*. Both parties agreed to the deal.

Just one day before the registration was to take place, the seller of the flat received another offer for double the amount that we had negotiated with immediate payment in cash. When I found out, I was very worried, but surprisingly everything went in our favour. We currently live in the same flat which Dadaji said would bring us *barkat*.

* * *

My son Pratik was not doing well at school and had his 12th standard board exams coming up. We were often called into his school and warned that if he did not study well he would not pass the exams.

Naturally, as worried parents we informed Dadaji about this issue and in a very calm manner, he reassured us that everything would go well. He told us not to worry and to pray to Puj Baba. Sure enough, my son passed his exams

and surprisingly achieved the highest grade in one of his subjects.

* * *

My daughter Priyal sought blessings from Puj Baba and Dadaji before her interschool bouquet-making competition. She won first prize and presented her bouquet to Dadaji. He requested her to offer the flowers to Puj Baba.

* * *

When I started my *seva* I used to dream that I was sitting with Dadaji and pressing his feet and legs. I told Dadaji about the dream, and he said that when the time was right, he would give me the opportunity. Seven years later, I was given the *seva* by Dadaji and was blessed to sit with him for two hours each day.

Saroj
Chennai, India

A DARGAH FOR ALL

Sevadharis and devotees are lucky to have heaven on earth in the form of Sufi Dar. The credit goes to Dadaji, who built this dargah and showed us the path to Puj Baba, who has showered his blessings upon us.

Dadaji created a place of worship where there is no caste and showed us all so many miracles.

Once Dadaji asked me how my business was doing. I had a retail outlet selling clothing and I was making between ₹15,000 and ₹20,000 per day. I told Dadaji that business was good, and Dadaji disagreed, telling me "No, your business today is only ₹3,050". I felt a bit funny about this, but after heading back to my showroom from Sufi Dar, I found that the total sales really did amount to only ₹3,050.

Dadaji told me to take 2 bananas and feed them to the cows for 40 days without missing a single day. Now, with the grace of god, we are well settled and have celebrated over 35 years in our business, which is called Shabanesa.

* * *

The day Dadaji was hospitalised, he was unable to speak. The same day, Bhai Chamanjit Singh ji Lala – a devotee of Guru Nanak Dev ji – who was very fond of Dadaji, was in Chennai. He remembered Dadaji and at the same moment, Dadaji, who was still unable to talk, asked a devotee, Mr Ashok Khubchandani about Bhai Chamanjit Singh ji.

These are the languages of saints. It was a miracle how Dadaji knew Bhai Chamanji Singh ji was in Chennai and called his full name when he was in the ICU.

We are his children and he is our beloved father. We agree and accept that we are beggars of Sufi Dar and Gurdwara sahib.

Vijay Shabanesa
Chennai, India

BLESSING US WITH CHILDREN

In 2002 we went to meet Dadaji and sought his blessings for a second child as we were having trouble conceiving. Our first child was a gift from Dadaji – we were blessed with a daughter.

I requested him to bless us with a baby boy so that our family would be complete. Dadaji asked us to pray to Puj Baba. The same month, my wife conceived and nine months later we welcomed our baby boy into the world.

It is only his grace and infinite love that has fulfilled our dreams within seconds.

Devotee

GIVING UP SMOKING

I had been a chain smoker for a while. Some doctors recommended that I give up my habit to prevent lung cancer and other respiratory illnesses. I had a work trip to Chennai and went to meet Dadaji. While speaking to him, he asked me, "Can't you quit smoking?" I replied, "Please Dadaji, you help me". Dadaji asked me not to smoke from that day onwards.

I returned to my city after completing my work in Chennai. A few months passed and with Puj Baba and Dadaji's blessings, I didn't have the urge to smoke.

One evening I was heading to a party and felt like I had forgotten something. I sat in my car and Dadaji called. He said, "You have an urge to smoke..." and the little thought of having a smoke which came to my mind drifted away.

It has been over 10 years now since I quit smoking. I am thankful to Dadaji for helping me get rid of this bad habit.

Devotee

MY BELOVED GURU AND GUIDE

Haq maujood.

I am privileged to get this opportunity to share my experiences, miracles and precious moments spent with my beloved guru and guide, my Dadaji, who we lovingly called Dada Sain.

Going down memory lane, I remember visiting Sufi Dar as a kid with my family. My grandfather, Mr Newandram Khubchandani, introduced us all to Sufi Dar and Dadaji. Every Sunday without fail, rain or shine, our entire joint family would attend Puj Baba's evening *aarti* as it was a rule set by our grandfather. Slowly we began to believe in Puj Baba through Dadaji.

I became fond of attending *aartis*, *bhajans*, Puj Baba's *melas*, birthday celebrations, *varsi sahib* and other functions.

The first miracle which my parents and I witnessed was when my stammering ceased with Dadaji's *dus*. I wasn't born with a stammer, but developed the habit after imitating a friend. I was only 7 or 8 years old and faced a terrible time both at school and at home when I found myself stuck in the middle of a sentence. My parents mentioned this to Dadaji and he asked me to wear a *lohe ka challa* (iron ring) on my little finger. I wondered as a kid, what connection the ring could have with stammering. But to my amazement, within a few months I stopped stammering. I could not thank Dadaji enough and hence my belief in him and Puj Baba grew.

I so clearly remember before our exams every term we would ask Dadaji to bless us and he would give us some

akhar to write on our answer papers before beginning the exam. But he also advised us to work hard and reassured us that Puj Baba would take care of the rest. This really happened. Many times I would have revised an answer so well, but during the exam I would struggle to remember it. I would simply pray to Puj Baba and soon enough the answer would appear fresh in my mind.

These miracles, which I personally experienced, built my faith in Dadaji and Puj Baba. I am blessed that I got to spend time with, and get to know Dadaji from such a young age. By now, our whole family believed in Dadaji; every decision or task, small or big, was incomplete without Dadaji's guidance and blessings. Whether it was my exams, my college degree, my further studies, choosing my life partner, or naming my kids, Dadaji was right there every step of the way guiding my family and my life. I was never afraid of any problems big or small because I knew that nothing could go wrong while my Dadaji was by my side.

I will always be grateful to my fatherly figure, my Dadaji, for holding my hand and guiding me throughout my life. In 2013 on my birthday, I received the upsetting news when Dadaji left for his heavenly abode. But I can still feel his presence by my side all the time. I know he's there watching me, guiding me, taking care of me and listening to me. I love you so much Dadaji. I am sure this is my best birth because I have been blessed to have you as my guru.

Esha Trishu Bajaj
Chennai, India

A TAXING AFFAIR

Dadaji is the saint who has impressed me and my wife Maya the most in our entire life.

We first met Dadaji on 6th December 2010 when I was in the midst of the greatest struggle of my life – getting recognition in my career.

To provide a clear picture of the enormity of Dadaji's blessings and kindness upon me, I find it necessary to give a little background.

Due to Dadaji's blessings and kindness, I became chairman of the Central Board of Direct Taxes (CBDT) in India, and the first *Sindhi* officer to hold the highest rank in the Income Tax Department in its 150-year history.

The post normally goes to the youngest and the senior-most officer of a batch, if they have held a clean and efficient record during their career. I was deserving of the elevation to this post, however, some of the juniors in my batch, keen to secure their own future, managed to remove my name from the selection of members, using their resources and multiple connections.

The manipulations for my elimination went on for almost two years. During that period I tried my best to thwart their designs but could not succeed.

Although I was exhausted by the process and knew that it would be difficult to succeed before the courts given I was approaching retirement, I still went ahead and filed an appeal with full support from Maya and my children. It appears Dadaji, even before I received his *darshan*, put it in my mind that I file the appeal.

At this point, my friend and one of my best classmates, Karn Singh, persuaded me to have Dadaji's *darshan*.

It was a Monday, and Karn Singh and his wife Vijaya arrived in Chennai from Mumbai to accompany us on our visit to see Dadaji. We ourselves had arrived in Chennai the previous Friday with the intention of seeing temples near Chennai on Saturday, Sunday and Monday morning. But in our greed to visit more and more temples and on account of a lot of traffic upon our return to Chennai on Monday evening, we arrived at Sufi Dar much later than expected.

Dadaji excused us for the delay and to our surprise, gave us a lot of his time. Those 2-3 hours were divine and are the most memorable moments of our life. Maya, Karn Singh, Vijaya and I told him all about my struggle. Dadaji told me to "Stop wandering and have faith in *Maha Dev* and there will be '*fateh*'". He told me to chant "*Har har Mahadev*" and to go to Nizamuddin Dargah in Delhi every Thursday whenever I could. He also asked Maya to visit the Sai Baba Temple on Thursdays whenever possible. It seemed as if he knew how many people I had consulted to get my due, and at how many holy places we had prayed for it. Perhaps that is why he had asked me to stop wandering. It also seemed as if he was seeing as well as shaping my future.

Dadaji's blessings of "*fateh*", gave me a lot of confidence and strength to vigorously pursue my appeal, clear numerous obstacles and finally succeed in court within 9 months. During this period Dadaji kept encouraging and guiding me in moments of despair.

I won the case in September 2011. To express our

gratitude, we visited Dadaji during the October *Navratri* celebrations.

Following my win in court, attempts were made to ensure that the order was not implemented. A flimsy appeal was filed in the High Court just to wile away the time until July 2012, when I was due to retire. Dadaji continued to give me his blessings, kindness and guidance during this crucial period.

Finally, my appointment as member of the CBDT was approved by the Prime Minister on Thursday 28th December 2011 after joining I called Dadaji, expressed my gratitude and told him we intended to have his *darshan* the following weekend. Dadaji said that forces were working to deny me the Chairman's post and I should not leave Delhi for at least three weeks. Later I found out it was really so. Finally, with Dadajis's blessings I became Chairman on 1st February 2012.

After about three months, troubles again began to brew. I did not want to bother Dadaji, but he already knew what was happening and tried to contact me. Unable to reach me at work, Dadaji took the trouble of obtaining my residential number.

Both Bhushan and Aarti secured employment and Jhanak is well too. Dadaji advised Bhushan to chant "*Teri ot tera aasra*" as often as he could and asked Bhushan and Aarti to protect Jhanak from cold weather. They are religiously doing that. Bhushan, who was then on an H-1B visa (allowing him to work in the US) and Aarti have since obtained an employment authorization document enabling Aarti to get job. Jhanak is also doing fine.

We also sought his kind blessings for a good match for our daughter Kalpana. He advised her to chant *"Jai Maa, Jai Maa"* as often as she could. She started doing it and within a month, almost like magic, we got the best possible proposal. With Dadaji's blessings Kalpana and Heman are happily married with a daughter.

Dadaji had been kind not only to me and my family but also to my niece. My sister's daughter had had a miscarriage and could not conceive after many years of marriage. Dadaji gave her some prayers to do which worked and she was eventually blessed with twins.

On 25th November 2013 we felt orphaned. I arrived at Sufi Dar on the 26th and when Karn Singh came, he told me that saints like Dadaji don't leave their devotees and loved ones orphaned; they keep looking after them and taking care of them from the heavens. I too feel it so now.

Receiving Dadaji's blessings, kind affection and care is our life's greatest achievement.

Laxman Das Chatnani

SONGS AND SOUL CONNECTIONS

Baba Bulleshah says: The *murshid* does whatever he wills; the *murshid* is called the Almighty himself; the *murshid* is a saint; the *murshid* is a prophet; he makes a home in every heart; he fills to the brim all empty vessels; the *murshid* does whatever he wills.

What you have been to me Dadaji is unbelievable. I have seen miracles in every moment of your presence. Thanks to Puj Baba, I came to Sufi Dar to sing Sufi *kalaams*, and there, before the greatness of Puj Baba and the lotus feet of Dadaji, I found heaven, divine power and the light of love. I found god omnipresent everywhere in everything in the face of the holy master, Dadaji.

I worked hard and prepared myself for my first meeting with Dadaji. When I finally saw him standing on the steps leading up to the dargah, I was awestruck. He had so much divine power, love and humility, but also a beautiful aura so it seemed as though there were rays of light from the sun around him. He had a heart-warming smile and when I looked into his eyes I was lost ... it was like spiritual love at first sight.

The first day that I was due to sing at Sufi Dar, I felt that Dada was worried about how a small child like me would manage to sing Sufi *kalaams* and reflect the depth of poetry dedicated to Sufi saints. Dadaji sat right in front of me, blessing me and with the grace of Puj Baba I began to sing a *kalaam* of Darazi Shahenshah Sachal Patshah, "*Aaun baanhi tu sai ve*..." I suddenly felt like something was happening in the universe; that it was not me, but Puj Baba who was singing.

Dadaji accepted and loved me as his son, his *murid*, and whenever it was my turn to perform at Sufi Dar, he would always sit right in front of me and listen intently. That was always a great blessing to me.

Later, Dadaji blessed me to help me sing for long hours. He would tell me, "I am making you sing *kalaams* repeatedly because they speak to my soul ... each and every nerve of mine is blessing you". He helped me improve and modify my singing and pushed me onto a spiritual path. It was as though I had a volcano of Sufi music bursting out of me. When I sit to sing, I only know how to surrender, and then it is all Puj Baba and Dadaji who do justice to the *kalaams* in praise of God.

My prayers were answered when Dadaji told me, "Listen carefully my son: Henceforth, until the dargah remains standing, until you are alive, you must come to Sufi Dar for all the functions". And so it has been.

As the years passed by, Dadaji nurtured me and fulfilled my life completely with his spiritual guidance. He would explain and discuss with me various aspects of life such as discipline, principles, morals, etiquette, humility, truthfulness, behaviour and character. Dadaji taught me "*Bacha* (son), always be grateful, be in that bliss, be thankful to Baba as he is the master of all".

I once visited an eye specialist in Kalyan who gave me a diagnosis of keratoconus, which could only be treated through laser surgery. I told Dadaji about this problem and he sent me to the top hospital for ophthalmic care in India. After all the tests were done, the doctor told me that they did not recommend surgery, and instead, I should wear contact lenses to maintain the current

status of my keratoconus. This was Puj Baba, Mata Rani and Dadaji who saved me from an operation.

With Dadaji's blessings, I got married, but the marriage didn't work out and lasted only 9 months. I truly believe Dadaji knew that my karmas would play out in a way that would lead me to live a disastrous life, and so this marriage was a way to erase the suffering I would have otherwise faced.

The true quality of saints is that they never show their real selves. They are messengers of God. Dadaji has been God to us; he has blessed us with love, happiness, peace and prosperity and relieved us of pain and suffering.

Tuhinje dar jo Ghulam.

Vipin Sehwani
Ulhasnagar, India

DADAJI'S PARADOX

My dad arranged to have a blood test during one of his trips to Chennai. The results showed that his blood glucose levels were raised to an HbA1c reading of 7.1, and he informed Dadaji of this.

A day later Dadaji gave my dad a mango to eat, fully aware of his raised sugar levels. The next day Dadaji gave him two mangoes, asking him to keep them in water for a while and then to have one at lunchtime and one during dinner.

This carried on for 12-13 days. Dadaji would continue giving my father mangoes to eat. My dad was ready to follow Dadaji's instructions, such was his faith, but there was a part of him that wondered whether he would eventually need medication to manage his blood glucose, especially after all the sugar he was consuming.

Upon his return to Japan, he went to the doctor to have another check-up. Surprisingly, his HbA1c reading had had dropped to 5.7, which is within the normal range.

My dad called Dadaji to give him the good news. Dadaji told him that Puj Baba had given him the mangoes as medication, and reassured him that he wouldn't have a problem with his sugar levels again.

Until today, my dad's blood glucose level is under control, and of course he takes care of his diet too.

Such is the grace of Dadaji and Puj Baba on their subjects.

Tina Motwani
Kobe, Japan

THE UNFULFILLED ORDER

We are among the fortunate ones to be personally blessed by Dadaji. We were also blessed to be given the *seva* of tailoring Puj Baba's *chola* in our office.

My father-in-law once took an order from an old friend of his without taking an advance payment. When the goods were ready to be collected, he informed his friend. His friend refused to collect the goods, saying that we did not have a confirmation letter from him for the order. We never expected this. The goods lay packaged in our office.

My father-in-law, who was a *sevadhari* at Sufi Dar went to see Dadaji and told him about our problem. He assured us that we needn't worry and told us to take 7 limes, tie them together in a piece of red cloth and keep them with the packaged goods. Dadaji also said that someone from the company would come and ask for the goods.

Dadaji was right. Within 10 days, someone came to our office and took the consignment on our terms.

Thank you Puj Baba and thank you Dadaji for always obliging us.

May your grace always be upon us.

Komal Thadani
Chennai, India

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL

From childhood, I have witnessed innumerable miracles of our *murshid* Dadaji. He has helped me with the smallest trials of my life, such as school examinations, to the biggest, such as choosing my life partner.

I still remember when Dadaji had given me a *dus* to eat one *gulab jamun* (sweet deep fried milk ball) each morning before going to school to sit my class 10 public examinations. As irrelevant as this *dus* may seem to an exam, I know it played a great part in helping me achieve not only the highest marks in my school, but in all of Chennai too. I scored a whopping 97% and my name appeared in the local newspapers.

On another occasion, I was admitted to hospital for five days with a viral infection. The doctor said the infection was severe and advised me to stay at the hospital for an extra three days. My father was at Sufi Dar and informed Dadaji about my health. In the blink of an eye, he gave my father five almonds and said "Make her eat this and she will be home tomorrow!" Much to everyone's amazement, after consuming the almonds, the redness across my whole body vanished overnight and I was home the very next morning.

Another phenomenal incident I can never forget was when I gave birth to my first son, Shlok, in Dubai. I was in constant contact with our beloved Dadaji and he showed me a miracle once again. I was worried and scared about the delivery and it all happened so smoothly that the Arab doctor who was on duty asked me, "Are you destiny's child? Really my dear, do a lot of miracles happen to you? I have never seen such an easy delivery

in 30 years of my work experience." I had nothing but tears in my eyes and wanted to tell her that I have my Dadaji, my guardian angel with me, always making life easier for me.

Words cannot describe how Dadaji has helped me and all the *murids* of Sufi Dar in each challenging phase of life. His miracles are innumerable and it is impossible to pen all of them down. These are just feelings within my heart which flow out as tears of gratitude most often. Dadaji still makes his presence felt all the time and I have unshakable faith that he is still watching over and guiding me always.

Komal Awtaney
Dubai, UAE

THE END OF MY HEADACHES

I was 8 years old when I met Dadaji. At the time, I was suffering from terrible headaches. I had been to so many doctors but they couldn't treat me. Because of this, I was unable to attend school regularly and struggled to concentrate on my studies.

Dadaji asked me to come to Sufi Dar every Saturday for 8 weeks to attend Puj Baba's *aarti*. We stayed so far away from the dargah that it would take us over an hour to commute. But I suffered so much with my headaches that I told my mother we would go.

After 8 weeks, Dadaji told my mom to take me to an ayurvedic doctor who prescribed some very bitter medicines. Dadaji said, "*Puta*, take the medicine with honey and you'll see – your pain will get better and better, but it will take 12 months". With Dadaji's grace and blessings, I was able to bear the taste of the bitter medicine, and slowly, the pain and headaches reduced. What the conventional doctors couldn't do, the ayurvedic doctor did for free.

I am so blessed to have met Dadaji. Whatever I am today is because of his blessings and grace. Thank you so much Dadaji.

Tina Motwani
Kobe, Japan

UNDER MY GURU'S SHELTER

Blessed are those who are forever under the shelter of their guru.

I came to know Dadaji only after my marriage. Like most other newlywed women, I had to wear ornaments such as a chain and *mangalsutra* throughout the day. Unfortunately, I began to get itchy red rashes on my neck. I was extremely stressed and consulted many doctors, but nothing helped.

Luckily, in those days, Dadaji would pay a visit to our house every so often. Although I didn't know him well, I plucked up the courage to ask him about my rashes. He simply advised me to apply some coconut oil on my skin once or twice a day for three days and chant "Jai Baba" while doing so. I didn't understand how coconut oil could provide any relief during the peak of summer where so many other medicines had failed.

To my surprise, I noticed that my rashes were no longer itchy and the redness had reduced substantially. This was the first miracle I had ever experienced and I know that even now, I am blessed by Dadaji's, love, grace and guidance. I realised that when everything else fails, the grace of our Dadaji begins.

Devotee

MY GOD ON EARTH

I am a very small *murid* of my God, Dadaji. Dadaji kept his gracious hands on my head, brought me up and blessed me. I do not have the words to express his grace. Dadaji was God, he is God and will always remain God.

I would like to thank the Khubhchandani *parivaar* for introducing me to Dadaji who blessed me and my entire family.

We have a place for *puja* in our home, office, and in our two hotels where we have been worshipping Dadaji like God over the past 25-30 years.

* * *

Very often, Dadaji would ask us to distribute *kachoris* at Ajmer Sharif Dargah. Sometimes it would be 2,000 *kachoris* and at other times 5,000. During the holy month of Ramadan he would ask us to distribute *kachoris* every day for which he would always send us money in advance.

On one occasion as per Dadaji's request, we went to Ajmer Sharif to distribute 30 to 40 boxes of *kachoris*. Just as I had arrived at the doorstep of the dargah, Dadaji called me and said *"Bacha, dargah haren pauhta aayo"*, (My child, you have arrived at the dargah). I was astonished that Dadaji knew exactly where I was and when I had arrived. Then he told me that while handing out the *kachoris*, that someone who is blind will approach you ... he will be very hungry and will ask you for one more *kachori*, which you should give him.

My hotel manager and 4-5 other devotees were with me and I conveyed Dadaji's message to them, asking

them to remain alert in case they saw someone who was blind. We had served almost all of the *kachoris* and had only two left. At the end of the line stood a blind child along with his mother. He asked us for a *kachori* and his mother requested us to give him another one because he was very hungry. We were all stunned and wondered how Dadaji could have predicted such an incident.

On another occasion, Dadaji told me to keep in mind that a lady with a white sari would approach me while I handed out *kachoris* at Ajmer Sharif. We began our *seva* and five minutes later, a lady clad in a white sari approached us, just as Dadaji had said, and took the *kachori* we offered.

* * *

Every person has a dream, and mine was to have a son and daughter after getting married. I wanted my son to study at St Anselm's school in Ajmer – a dream which was fulfilled – and I wanted my daughter to study at Sophia School.

In 2003, I was supposed to apply to Sophia School to secure my daughter's admission, but somehow I got caught up at work and forgot to collect the admission form. I found out later that the forms had been issued three days earlier and that many parents had already started submitting them. I realised my mistake and felt guilty about my carelessness.

I immediately called Dadaji and told him about the problem. Dadaji assured me that my daughter would gain admission at Sophia School. He instructed me to meet the principal repeatedly, which I did. A month passed by and nothing happened. Dadaji then told me to go to Ajmer Sharif for 40 days consecutively and then contact him.

For 39 days, I went to the dargah. A close friend of mine was due to attend his nephew's wedding in Udaipur the next day and he insisted I come along too. I informed my wife and she said that given the next day was the 40th day, I could not afford to miss my dargah visit. She urged me to go to Ajmer Sharif first and then head to Udaipur for the wedding celebrations. I followed her advice and the next day while I was in Udaipur at around 2pm, I received a call from the principal of Sophia School. Apparently a seat had become available and the school was allocating it to my daughter. My entire family was amazed by this miracle.

* * *

With Dadaji's blessings, I have two hotels in Ajmer which he has named Deluxe Golden Hotel and Deluxe Paradise Hotel. The latter is also famously known as Dadaji ki hotel. If you find yourself at Ajmer railway station and ask any *autowalla* to take you to Dadaji ki hotel, he will bring you to Deluxe Paradise Hotel.

One day while I was at the hotel, I had the good fortune of speaking to Dadaji. He asked me how my hotels were doing and how many rooms were vacant. I told him that the hotels were doing well and that we had 9 rooms vacant. Dadaji stated that the hotel should always be full and asked me to call him again after 2 hours. Dadaji's words were golden. Before the 2-hour period had passed, my hotel was fully booked. I immediately called Dadaji to tell him about this miracle.

Another day at around 1pm I was speaking to Dadaji and he asked me whether 6 people had arrived and wanted to reserve 3 rooms. I told Dadaji that not even a single room had been occupied since that morning. Soon after

I put the receiver down, 6 people showed up and asked for 3 rooms. How is it possible that Dadaji, who was in Chennai at the time and had no connection to the guests who had arrived, knew what was happening in Ajmer?

* * *

I have a very good collection of Dadaji's photos, and yet I asked him for one more. When we spoke over the phone he questioned why I wanted another photo when I already had so many. Hesitatingly, I told Dadaji that I was keen to have a photo from his hands. Dadaji said nothing in response. Six months passed and I had completely forgotten that I had asked for a photo.

Another devotee, Monish Bhajanlal from Chennai, was visiting Ajmer with his family. They gave me a framed photo of Dadaji and said that he had sent the photo, and that I was not to make copies of it for anyone else.

That photo has a lot of power. One night in 2015, my wife had a severe headache which got progressively worse and soon became unbearable. I woke up and prayed near the photo Dadaji had sent me, touched the photo and put my hands on my wife's head. The pain vanished. We had the same experience when my son had a severe pain in his legs.

This is the grace of dervishes and *fakir*s. On this pure earth we have seen God in the form of Dadaji. The only thing required is faith.

Dilip Mehboobani
Ajmer, India

ETERNALLY THANKFUL

My family met Dadaji almost 40 years ago. He had asked my father to attend 27 of Puj Baba's *aarti*s, and after 24 attendances, my father got a wonderful job overseas to support our family.

Over 30 years ago, Dadaji advised us to purchase our own flat. Today we continue to live there happily following this big investment.

Dadaji had also suggested that we purchase a family car, although my family was worried about taking a loan. With his blessings, we have no outstanding loans and we are blessed to enjoy even more luxury, wealth, wisdom, education and good health.

Many years ago, when my mother suffered with health issues, Dadaji gave us the courage to fight back. He also stood by us and supported us when my father encountered his share of health problems, and helped my brother to resolve various marital issues.

Dadaji always guided us to hear and feel Guru Nanakji's name in our hearts and minds. This helped me a lot in my life. I am sincerely thankful for all his guidance and support for me and my family.

Ginni

THE COMPASSION OF A SAINT

We came in close contact with Dadaji after my husband, Karn Singh, was transferred from Surat to Chennai in 2008. We learned about Dadaji through an officer who had received his blessings and we were eager to meet him.

We met Dadaji at Sufi Dar for the first time. Before this we had an elaborate *darshan* and offered prayers at the feet of Puj Baba and other saints in the dargah. It was a happy divine moment in our lives. In retrospect we can only say that our posting to Chennai was to provide us with an opportunity to get the blessings of a holy God-realised saint.

Dadaji's noble demeanour and humble personality were so magnetic that we started visiting Sufi Dar quite frequently and spent a longer duration there. We received his blessings and plentiful *prasad* during every visit.

While we were in Chennai, my younger son was studying at IIM Calcutta. During his vacations he came to Chennai, met Dadaji and instantly became his devotee. Later, he went to Italy to attend a programme for some months. When we asked him whether he missed India, he told us that he did for one reason. I thought that he would mention my name, but his reply was that he wanted to come to Chennai for Dadaji's *darshan*. This was a moment of immense pride for me as my son was so fortunate and blessed that he remembered Dadaji and wanted to be with him. Such was Dadaji's personality that inspired the lives of everyone with whom he connected.

Dadaji was simple and accessible to all. Another instance which comes to my mind relates to my niece who was passing through a troubled phase at that time. We went

to Dadaji and sat with him for more than two hours. Dadaji blessed her and told her to recite a particular mantra all the time.

We had a dinner to attend that evening. After some time we received a call from an ardent devotee, Mr Ashok Khubchandani, who said that Dadaji wanted to talk to us. Dadaji was very polite and humble. He started the conversation by asking us to excuse him for disturbing us late at night, even though he was doing us a favour for our wellbeing. He told us that Puj Baba had warned him that my niece could be in danger from something water and fire-related and that she should not be left alone for a single moment. Dadaji said she should recite the mantra as much as possible.

Such compassionate behaviour and a helping attitude could only be expected from a God-realised saint and *sadguru* like Dadaji. His divine power transcended the barrier of time and distance. He is a guiding force to all of us through our journey in this world.

Sadguru is omnipresent and all-powerful. Not only can he grant liberation or salvation to his devotees, but he can fulfil material desires which may be appropriate as well.

With humble pranaam to Dadaji.
Vijaya Singh

OUR GUIDING LIGHT

Our experiences with Dadaji have been many. But the most striking was his advice when he selected our existing showroom at Coats Road, T. Nagar, Chennai way back in 1994.

As soon as we had identified the place, which was barren land at the time, we had asked for his guidance on whether we had selected an appropriate location. Dadaji immediately said yes and advised us to go ahead, even though the entire street had no commercial activity whatsoever. He contended that this would be in our favour and that we should buy it with our eyes closed. This is something we are unable to forget to this day.

Ashok Nichani
Chennai, India

EXPERIENCES AND BLESSINGS

Haq Maujood. Puj Baba ki sada hi jai ho.

We (Mrs and Mr Chatrani) would like to share the miracles, experiences and blessings that we have received from our beloved Dadaji.

In the late 1980s we were going through a very tough time in our business and life.

Our aunt suggested that we visit Sufi Dar, meet Dadaji and narrate our problems to him. He shall guide you, bless you and help you overcome your problems, our aunt said.

We went to Sufi Dar and sought the refuge of Puj Baba. When we met Dadaji and told him about our issues, he scolded us and shouted at us just like Puj Baba did to his devotees before blessing them abundantly. Then Dadaji blessed and guided us.

He asked one of his *sevadharis*, Mr Bachani, to give us a photo of Puj Baba.

I (Jaishree) asked for one more photo, but Dadaji refused and only gave us a single photo. When we reached home and took the photo out to place in our *puja* room, we witnessed Puj Baba's miracle. One photo turned into 5, and by the next morning we had 6 photos!

Our happiness had no bounds and our faith in Sufi Dar, Puj Baba and Dadaji grew stronger. From that day onwards our business started flourishing and Puj Baba gave us everything.

* * *

I (Pomesh Chatrani, son of Mrs and Mr Chatrani) went to Sufi Dar with the intention of asking Dadaji what type of bike I should buy. After my *darshan* in Sufi Dar, I went to meet Dadaji to get his blessings.

As I bowed down to touch his feet, and without me mentioning anything about my question, Dadaji said, "Don't buy a bike, buy a car". I told Dadaji that we already had a car, but he said it was not an issue and that we should buy one more. We did as he advised.

* * *

In 1992 we (Mrs and Mr Chatrani) received a marriage proposal for our daughter.

The proposal was given to us by a devotee of Sufi Dar. We showed Dadaji individual photos of the couple-to-be to seek his guidance. On seeing the photos he said we could proceed and that the pair were made for each other. We told Dadaji we were not in a position to host a wedding, and Dadaji assured us that the marriage would be held successfully with the blessings of Puj Baba.

As Dadaji had said, the marriage happened in a grand, peaceful and successful manner.

All of this was only possible with the blessings of Sufi Dar, Puj Baba, Data Dastagir Badshah, Mata Rani and Dadaji.

* * *

I (Jaishree) was suffering from piles in the late 1990s. I consulted a few doctors and they all advised me to undergo surgery.

I went to Sufi Dar as usual to meet Dadaji and requested him to bless me so that the surgery would go smoothly. Dadaji prescribed an ointment and suggested I apply this first as it could solve the problem.

It worked wonders and I was cured.

Since then, the problem has never recurred. With the blessings of Sufi Dar, Dadaji saved me from surgery and physical pain.

* * *

We once visited Sufi Dar to keep our son's wedding invitation in front of Puj Baba, other deities and Dadaji. It was quite late, and we had missed the prasad distribution. We were to leave empty-handed and we were a little unhappy about this, especially because we had visited on account of the good news regarding our son's wedding.

We don't know how Dadaji read our minds, but he sent someone to tell us that we should take some *prasad* before leaving. On hearing this, our hearts were filled with happiness and gratitude.

Words are not enough to explain and praise God for the many miracles and incidents that we have experienced with the blessings of Sufi Dar.

Our heartfelt gratitude to Sufi Dar, Dadaji and all.

Haq Maujood, Sada Maujood.

Mrs and Mr Jaishree Nihal Chand Chatrani

THE LOVE OF OUR GURU

Blessed are those who live under the guidance of a guru. They say that a *murshid* chooses his *murids* and not the other way round.

We are the lucky ones to be loved by our guru, our *murshid*, our Dadaji.

Truth be told it is very difficult to narrate any miracles with Dadaji, especially when our life itself has been a miracle in terms of living with him by our side. Even today we witness his blessings in our daily life.

Before I share my experiences, I would like to beg for forgiveness from our Dadaji. I beg for his mercy if I make any mistakes in any manner while relaying these miracles. Please forgive me Dadaji.

* * *

I still remember when my family and I had moved to Russia many years ago. We always felt Dadaji's presence, even though we were so far away. He would speak to us every single day, bless us and ask us about our day-to-day life.

During that period we experienced some hardships in terms of our business. Dadaji is the only reason that we survived; the only reason that our ship didn't sink. He always gave us hope for a better tomorrow.

One day my dad was speaking to Dadaji and telling him about the dead stock in our inventory which was of very high value and had not been sold for years. My dad was very disturbed and wanted to get rid of that stock as soon as possible. He spoke to Dadaji, who blessed him

and asked him to move the goods to another location. Dadaji stated that after a day or two, we would meet a customer wearing a green muffler who would buy most of the stock.

The very next day a customer entered and bought some of the stock we had left. But because he was wearing a red muffler (rather than a green one) my dad did not personally attend to him. My dad told him about his day's activity and Dadaji asked why he didn't serve the man with the red muffler. All of us were shocked that Dadaji knew who had come to our shop.

Dadaji then told us that another customer would stop by and purchase a big chunk of the leftover stock, and the very next day, a customer did just that.

During the same time, just two days before my board exams, I woke up one morning with a terrible cold. It was one of the most painful things I had ever experienced. My face was frozen to the left and I could not move my neck even a centimetre.

Immediately we called the doctors who said it would take a minimum of 15 days for me to recover. Along with that, they prescribed heavy antibiotics and a few injections to help the cold subside. My mom called Dadaji and I spoke to him too. He blessed me and told me not to worry about my exams. He asked me to go to the *mandir*, pray to the lord, and go back to sleep as Puj Baba would help and guide me.

I was better the next day and on the day of my exam I was completely fine, as though nothing ever happened to my neck. I sat all of my exams and passed with good marks thanks to Puj Baba and Dadaji.

Another time, my mom had started to suffer from vertigo and wasn't able to walk. She would rest and sleep for hours, get up and still feel dizzy. We called Dadaji and he blessed her and advised her to eat something. In 2-3 days, her health was perfect.

Living in Russia was not very easy for us. One day, my dad called up Dadaji and told him that we all miss home and that life in Russia was not suiting us. Dadaji told my dad to send us (his family) back to India and that he would return soon too. Dad was concerned about how he would wind up his ongoing business, and how he would manage to sell the assets. Dadaji told dad not to worry and said that within six months, he would complete everything and return home with full hands to start a new life in Mumbai. In literally six months, dad was back in Mumbai.

Dadaji is the only reason we have survived such difficult times. He has blessed us and guided us through every step of life! He treated everybody equally as his children.

There would be times when we would forget to call him and tell him about our day, but he would ask someone to send us a message to remind us to get in touch so he could hear our news! That itself proved that he cared for and adored all his children!

There are innumerable miracles and blessings we have received from Dadaji, and no words or stories could ever do justice to describe how we have felt in our hearts with our *murshid*, our Dadaji.

Thank you Dadaji for letting us be a part of your life, and even more for making our lives full by gracing it with your presence, love and guidance!

Jai Puj Baba, Jai Dadaji.
Devotee

A BLESSED FAMILY

When I visited Sufi Dar for the first time, I went to seek the blessings of Dadaji. In my mind I said to myself that I wish I could come here again. Dadaji must have read my thoughts because he asked us to come every Sunday for Puj Baba's *aarti*.

Following that, my husband (Suresh Chugh) was given the *seva* of handling the *chappal* counter.

I saw people staying with Dadaji and always wished someone from my family would also get this opportunity. My prayers were finally heard when my younger son Mona was asked to stay with Dadaji. We were most delighted and felt extremely blessed.

Dadaji would always take time to share spiritual discourse and explanations relating to various topics. A group of us women devotees always had questions, which we were very nervous to ask in public. Dadaji always gave us the answers even without us asking, which was amazing.

Most children would find excuses to skip visits to a temple, but all my children felt so connected to Sufi Dar which was a wonderful blessing.

My husband and I were both very happy when our daughter married Dadaji's grandson, Manish Hathiramani. This was not something that we had ever imagined. We are the happiest now that we are related to Dadaji's family.

Shalini Chugh
Devotee
Dubai

* * *

I started visiting Sufi Dar almost 30 years ago. Dadaji had initially asked me to start attending Puj Baba's *aarti* every Sunday. Slowly, I was given *seva* and was a part of the *chappal* counter.

I feel blessed that I was asked to take photos in Sufi Dar and was known as "Suresh photographer". I am glad that Dadaji loved the snaps that I used to click and always called me an "A1 photographer". It was due to his blessings that I could capture precious moments.

There was a point where Dadaji had asked me to visit Sufi Dar every morning before going to work. Those were wonderful days of mine where I would get to see Dadaji every morning.

I was interested in starting a photo studio but I wasn't getting the kind of property I wanted. A landlady was being troublesome and was unwilling to sell the property I was interested in buying. She had filed a stay order and the case was preventing me from buying the property.

I went to Dadaji and explained the situation. He told me that the owner wanted ₹100,000 more, but she wasn't asking me for it. He suggested that I offer her this amount and witness the miracle. I did as Dadaji said and she agreed to sell immediately.

On another occasion, I was in Dadaji's house when a few boxes of mangoes were delivered. I saw them and wished I could have two for myself. Soon, someone came to me and handed over two mangoes, telling me that Dadaji knew I wanted them and therefore sent them over. I was shocked but also thrilled that Dadaji had read my mind.

Another time, I had severe chest pain and I was really scared that it could be a symptom of a heart attack. I

immediately called Dadaji. He told me not to worry and reassured me that it was not a heart attack. He advised me to leave everything and come to Sufi Dar. When I arrived, he told me to boil some water, add a spoon of Gelusil and chant the name of Lord Ram. Within 5 minutes, all the pain had disappeared.

There was a point when my business was going downhill and I was very upset. I went to Dadaji and asked him if I should close my business and sell the shop. Dadaji advised me to start doing some research to get an idea of the market value. I found a buyer who was interested and I was happy with their offer. I consulted Dadaji about whether to proceed. He told me to ask the buyer for ₹500,000 more than the original offer. I did so, and the buyer backed out of the deal. This happened to me with different customers.

Finally Dadaji said "I didn't want you to sell the shop, I was just asking you to understand the current value". He advised me not to sell the property and said that if I had done so I would have lost all the money too. Today we are very happy that we not only own the property, but we are also earning rent from the shop, all thanks to Dadaji.

Suresh Chugh
Chennai, India

* * *

There was a time when I was at Sufi Dar and I wasn't feeling very good. I felt feverish and nauseous. I asked my dad if he would take me to the doctor. Dad then said forget the doctor and took me to Dadaji.

Dadaji asked me to eat a bowl of *karao prasad*. I was stunned as it was dripping with ghee. But I sat down,

ate the whole bowl and was perfectly fine within a few minutes.

There were a few more instances like this where Dadaji made me eat things that one would not think of eating while being sick. But they worked like magic.

Ashwin Chugh
Dubai, UAE

BLESSINGS FOR MY CHILD

My daughter was born by the grace of Dadaji. She was around four years old when she developed a high fever which would not reduce for two days despite her taking several doses of medicine.

We asked Dadaji for his blessings and he advised us to give her three spoons of black tea, without any milk, three times a day. Her fever began to drop immediately after she had consumed the tea on the first day, and she recovered completely the following day.

Words fail to express our gratitude for his immense love. Dadaji, please continue to shower your love and esteemed blessings on your children.

Devotee

HIS GRACE ON ME

My brothers were very close to Dadaji whereas I would hardly speak in front of him.

Once on a trip to Delhi, Dadaji visited our factory. My elder brother Manu asked Dadaji to bless me and told him that I was scared of handling the factory on my own. I still remember that moment. Dadaji walked around the entire factory and then advised me to keep Lord Ganesha's *surat* in every room. He then said *"Haaren dhijey toh marun kha, po marun hinakha dhijanda"* (Now he is scared of people, but soon people will be scared of him).

As per Dadaji's instructions, I placed Lord Ganesha's *surat* in every room and since then, for the last 35 years, I have handled my own unit.

Thank you Dadaji for everything, including the opportunity to share my feelings for you. Where I am now is only because of your grace and blessings.

Balram Nathani (Sonu)
New Delhi, India

A HOLIDAY IN TURKEY

After seeking Dadaji's blessings, my kids went on a holiday to Turkey.

Each day when I spoke to Dadaji, he would inquire about my kids and ask whether they were enjoying their trip. They returned 10 days later and I informed Dadaji of their safe arrival. He asked me whether they had witnessed any miracles on their journey. I asked my kids, but they couldn't recall anything.

A day or two later when they shared more stories of their trip, I kept thinking about Dadaji's question.

At the airport, they were waiting for some change at a counter when their friend called and told them to leave the store as soon as possible. When we discussed this in depth, we realised that the shopkeeper had deliberately given them a fake bank note and if they had been caught, they could have been jailed.

That they had escaped this predicament was a true miracle thanks to the blessings of Puj Baba and Dadaji.

Devotee

A COUNTRY OF FAKIRS

In 2013, we were sitting with Dadaji when a devotee mentioned that his daughter was going to Turkey for a holiday.

Dadaji said the devotee's daughter should enjoy her trip and that Turkey was a place of dervishes and *fakirs*. He also said that she should take care of herself.

Later, we discovered that when the girl arrived at the airport in Turkey, she fainted. An old woman took her to the hospital, called her parents, and took care of her until she was alright.

This was solely Dadaji's blessings that the girl met a fakir in form of an elderly lady who looked after her.

All thanks to Puj Baba and Dadaji.

Devotee

THE CIGARETTE BOX

I was in Chennai in October 2012 during the *Navratri* celebrations at Sufi Dar. With Dadaji's permission, my younger son had left for a holiday to the UK.

Around 8pm, I went to seek Dadaji's blessings and he asked, "*Tanjo put paunchi vyo?*" (Has your son reached London?) I said that he hadn't. An hour later, Dadaji asked again whether my son had landed. I began to get anxious and phoned my son's friend, asking him to call me as soon as my son arrived at Heathrow airport.

Around 9.30pm, my son called to say he had landed. I informed Dadaji, who took the phone from me and said to my son angrily "*Phiti kar; tuinje hath me cigarette aye; hua jaldi phiti kar*" (Quickly throw away the cigarette that you have in your hand).

My son was a little confused by this instruction so Dadaji asked me to repeat it to him. I felt nervous and so a *sevadhari* asked my son if he was carrying a box of cigarettes. My son confirmed he was, and the *sevadhari* asked him to throw it away immediately as this was a *hukum*; a divine order.

My son threw the box away and called again after he had left the airport. Dadaji told him that there was a police officer behind him and if he would have taken the cigarette out of the box, the officer would have arrested him.

Thank you Puj Baba and Dadaji for always being with us.

Devotee

THE LOST CAR

I first met Dadaji when Sufi Dar was on Waltex Road in Chennai. During the 1980s, after Sufi Dar was moved to its current location, I performed *seva* there regularly.

I have many miracles to share, but at this moment, I remember the one when I lost my new car.

One Sunday, I went to Sufi Dar for *seva*. It was a day when food rations were being donated to people with financial difficulties. I parked my Fiat car outside the dargah. After finishing my *seva*, I went to find my car at the spot where I had left it, but surprisingly it was missing. I informed Dadaji, and he said, "Don't worry, you will get your car in two days".

I became very restless as two nights passed and still there was no trace of my car. On the second day, I received a call from the son of a fellow *sevadhari*, Monish Bhajanlal, who told me that he had seen my car parked opposite a cricket stadium. I quickly rushed to the stadium and was fortunate to find my car with the blessings of Puj Baba and Dadaji.

Gangaram Kriplani
Chennai, India

SAVING MY MOTHER'S LIFE

It was a Sunday afternoon on 14th July 2002, when my mother, my wife and I were at Sufi Dar to attend *dua*. During the prayer, my mother suddenly collapsed and fell to the ground. Her body became cold and she began frothing at the mouth.

Dr Nichani was present in the Dua room at the time. I looked at him and desperately requested him to attend to my mother. He was reluctant and said he would not be able to do anything, advising me instead to rush her to the nearest hospital. I immediately called an ambulance.

Dadaji overheard the conversations, came out of his room and told me not to worry and to have faith because nothing could go wrong at the dargah in Puj Baba's presence. Dadaji asked a *sevadhari* to bring some *misri*, which was kept in front of Puj Baba's photo, and put it in my mother's mouth. Dadaji took a little milk, and after reciting a blessing, he asked the *sevadhari* to rub the milk on my mother's forehead. She opened her eyes after 5 minutes.

We helped her to her feet and gave her a chair to sit on. Dadaji advised us to let her rest for a while before taking her home. By that time the ambulance had arrived, but it was sent back since she was fine. Dadaji asked Dr Nichani why he did not treat my mother, to which he replied that my mother was no longer alive and so nothing could have been done.

This was truly a huge miracle which was witnessed by all who were present.

My mother was given another chance at life with the grace of Puj Baba through the hands of our beloved Dadaji.

Ashok Ahuja
Chennai, India

OUR EVER-LOVING GURU

Dadaji, beloved Dadaji, the ever-loving, ever-caring, ever-forgiving Dadaji. Those who doubt whether the Almighty exists should have a glance at Dadaji just once, and they will realise He and Dadaji are no different from each other ... they are ONE.

I met Dadaji for the first time in June 2013 and since that day my association with Dadaji and Sufi Dar has been unbreakable. I still remember our first meeting. His initial words were, "*Chhaa naalo thaee*"? (What is your name?) After I told him, there were a few seconds of silence (which nearly took my breath away) and then he said "*Waah!*"

Phew! I was relieved and I kind of felt that I had been accepted. This realisation of acceptance was proved when he himself gave me the exclusive *seva* to sing during Puj Baba's bath in the afternoon. To me, this was a miracle in itself as it was something which I had desired from the bottom of my heart when I attended *Dua* and Puj Baba's bath *seva* for the first time.

Since then I have experienced so many miracles, which I don't have the words to express. He has blessed me so immensely that I have never ever felt alone. The best part was that I found my guru, my guide and my angel in my Hazrat Sufi Jalaluddin Basafaa, only because of Dadaji and his blessings. It was as if Dadaji himself had handed me over to my guru before leaving this world physically to reassure me that he was still here with me spiritually.

I hope and pray to His Holiness to guide us, protect us and help us in taking the path which he paved for us so that we are all accepted at his holy feet.

Koti koti pranaam.

Girish Sadhwani
Mumbai, India

SAVED FROM A FLOOD

Karuna, a devotee of Sufi Dar, had approached Dadaji for help when a flood hit Aruba where her brother lived. He was stuck in his shop, which was loaded with electronic goods, when the island was being battered by massive floods.

Dadaji instantly gave Karuna and her brother an *akhar* to chant while the flood wreaked havoc on the houses and shops close by. Dadaji then began to rub his legs together and amazingly the waves that threatened to lash Karuna's brother's shop, suddenly became calm and caused no damage to his property.

Devotee

THE MASTER WHO TRANSFORMED MY LIFE

"When the student is ready, the master will appear."

This famous Buddhist quote best describes my first encounter with Dadaji.

I am blessed to have met Dadaji in the early years of my life, after which everything changed.

I have experienced so many miracles in my daily life that it is difficult to mention them all due to space constraints, but I will share a few prominent ones.

I was running a good business and had saved up enough money to buy a three-bedroom apartment. I liked a project underway across the road from where I was living, so I mentioned to Dadaji that I would like to buy an apartment there and that I wanted him to see and approve of it. He agreed to come along the next day.

The next day he saw the flat which was still under construction and approved of it immediately. I was happy and thankful but then, as we were leaving that apartment, Dadaji entered a two-bedroom one adjacent to it. He walked around and asked me if this was available and when I said it was, he asked me to buy that apartment as well.

I was stunned as I had the funds only for one apartment, so I explained to him my predicament. What he then said I can never forget – "*Rehji eendi*", which translates to "All will go well".

Then Dadaji told me to install marble flooring in the

hall and granite table tops in the kitchen, all of which meant extra expenses. He personally came with me to select the best marble and granite.

Next, he instructed me not to take a single piece of old furniture from my old home and said that I was to ensure everything was new. He advised me to have a very grand house-warming ceremony and invite all the Sindhis of Chennai along with all my business contacts from Mumbai, Delhi, etc.

Within a year, the apartment was ready and as per Dadaji's instructions, we had a grand house-warming and a cocktail party the same evening for my business associates.

As I was leaving for the party, Dadaji asked me to keep the bar open until the last guest left. He further mentioned that two guests would get drunk and fall over, and that people would remember that night for a long time.

That was exactly what happened, two guests got drunk and passed out on the dance floor and all our guests still remember that night.

The overall investment on the apartment was more than double what I had on hand when we confirmed the purchase. Until today I wonder where the money came from.

* * *

The next miracle worthy of mention is the fact that I was a chain smoker and helpless to my affliction to the extent that when travelling with Dadaji to various places by train, I used to leave the coupe just to have a puff.

One day Dadaji told me that Puj Baba wanted me to stop smoking. I told him that he would have to give me the willpower to achieve that feat. Dadaji asked me to do something, after which I stopped smoking immediately.

I never had a craving for cigarettes from that moment on.

* * *

Another miracle that changed my life was that he managed to end my drinking habit. I would go out for drinks with my friends every night. One day, out of the blue, Dadaji said, "If Puj Baba asked you for something, would you oblige?" I said yes, of course, and his next words were, "Baba wants you to stop drinking in some time."

I told him I would stop drinking if he gave me the strength to do so. So he said, "From tomorrow, you will drink only 2 large pegs of 60ml each until I get further instructions", and I did as he said.

After a few weeks he said Puj Baba wanted me to cut my drinking down to 1 peg of 60ml. This continued for few more weeks, and then one day he said, "Puj Baba says that today is the last day you will drink. From tomorrow you will stop."

I did exactly that and my life changed. I began spending more time with my family in the evenings.

* * *

Dadaji played a very dynamic role in the growth of my business. He would visit our stores regularly.

Every evening during peak business hours he would call us and inquire about sales. If the numbers were low, he would tell me to do something, and immediately customers would start entering in large numbers. It was my routine to visit him every night after closing our stores and give him the final sales figures.

One day during Diwali season we made total sales of ₹325,000 and I was so excited to tell Dadaji. As I entered his house, he saw me and said, "You are looking very happy, you must have done business of ₹325,000." I was stunned.

Dadaji knew everything that was running through my mind.

In our retail trade we were constantly harassed by sales tax officers. They would come and check our cash, the stock we had on hand, our account books, etc. Immediately, I'd call Dadaji and he would tell me to do something, and instantly their attitude would change and they would leave the premises without harassing us further.

We opened a new store behind our existing store but business was slow. I mentioned this to Dadaji and requested he visit our store, and he did so after a few days. Earlier, there used to be a water well on the premises of our new shop, which the erstwhile tenant had closed off with stones and sand. As soon as Dadaji saw this he told me that a well should never be closed. He asked me to do something on the well every day. With immediate effect, business picked up drastically in that store.

* * *

Another incident occurred when we went to Assam to visit the shrine of Bhole Baba. There was a pond in the courtyard. Dadaji started throwing some coins into the pond and out of nowhere, white butterflies began to fly out. This prompted me to throw some coins in myself; but no butterflies emerged. Seeing this, Dadaji had a hearty laugh and this story of my ignorance was narrated by Dadaji to all *sevadharis* amid laughter for many years.

I was lucky to have travelled with Dadaji to so many dargahs and temples all over India.

Whenever we were in Delhi together he would take us to sample the local food; *dahi vadas* in Chandni Chowk, *puri bhaji* in Sadar Bazaar, and so on. He would never eat anything himself, but he would ensure we enjoyed the food and always felt happy about it.

Once we went to Varanasi to visit a famous temple and a dargah. To enter the dargah we had to cross a stream with flowing water. I told Dadaji to hold onto my hand so we could cross the stream together. After taking a few steps in the water, I realised the ground was slippery. Dadaji sensed this and in a very short time, he took the lead and for the rest of the distance I was the one holding his hand. Dadaji also narrated this incident to the amusement of various *sevadharis*.

We would regularly travel to Ajmer to visit the dargah of Khwaja Gharib Nawaz. Once in the dargah a royal-looking elderly lady came and kissed Dadaji's hand respectfully and disappeared in thin air. Dadaji explained later that she was none other than Khawajaji blessing us.

* * *

I used to export caps to Panama and always wanted to open a store there. On one of my trips I saw a store available on the main street of Free Zone Panama which I liked very much. I thought I'd reach India and consult Dadaji. After arriving in Chennai I went to meet him and as soon as he saw me he said, "So you want to open a store." I was speechless. He knew everything and he blessed me and gave me the green signal to open my store there.

It has been an overwhelming and emotional experience recollecting the amazing times spent with Dadaji. I will always be eternally grateful to Dadaji for taking me as his disciple and giving me *naam*.

Words fail me in my expression of gratitude towards my master who transformed my life.

Deepak Budhrani
Chennai, India

FAITH IS THE BIRD THAT SINGS

Dadaji has greatly impacted my life and has been like a superhuman figure to me. I turned to his door numerous times with various issues and I don't remember a single occasion when I returned without being mentally satisfied.

Many things changed over time, but the one thing that didn't was Dadaji, who was forever a constant force through all the twists and turns of my life.

The very first incident that I remember was when Dadaji miraculously healed my wounded brother, Mohan.

Mohan, who was 5 years old at the time, fell down the stairs while playing. He was severely injured and became unconscious. No one knew what to do. Amid all the havoc and not having enough money to pay the doctor's fees, my mother put him in Dadaji's lap. At that time, Dadaji was present in Calcutta at Dukh Bhanjan Darbar, next door to our house.

My mother had complete faith in Dadaji and told him that now it was his responsibility to heal Mohan. Dadaji took a moment and placed his hand on Mohan's forehead and prayed for his wellbeing. Soon, Mohan gained consciousness and behaved as if nothing had happened. With this incident, my mother's faith in Dadaji doubled. I inherited her faith too.

Time passed and Dadaji's influence in our lives remained strong.

With the blessings of Dadaji, I got married to Jagdish Kumar Moorjani from Chennai. I am very fortunate to

have such a good husband and in-laws and I am forever thankful to Dadaji for suggesting this relationship to my family. To my delight, my in-laws attended *Dua* every day at Sufi Dar. I too attend the *Dua* regularly, without fail.

I was blessed with a son, Uttam and a beautiful daughter, Gita who are happily pursuing their careers. With the grace of Dadaji, my son is contentedly working in the United States.

Dadaji has been a boon in our lives. We witnessed his marvel again when my brother's wife, despite having suffered three miscarriages, finally gave birth to a baby boy. This happened after 18 years of marital life. When all the doctors, pundits, babas, etc., said that she would never be able to become a mother, Dadaji was the only person who said that she would definitely have a child if she regularly visited Dukh Bhanjan Darbar. He was the only person who showed confidence when every other person had given up hope.

Finally, with the blessings of Dadaji, my brother was blessed with a son who was named Khusshraj. My nephew often visits Chennai to pay homage to Dadaji. With his blessings, my family is living a happy and prosperous life.

Puj Baba keeps showering his blessings upon all those who come to him seeking solutions to their problems. He also continues to remove their miseries and guide them through his chosen disciple, Dadaji.

As one enters Sufi Dar, one is overwhelmed by the atmosphere of sanctity that prevails there. Pictures of several Sufi saints, Hindu saints and mystics, Jesus Christ and Mother Mary, Guru Nanak and other Sikh gurus,

religious leaders of Radhaswami and Chidakashi sects, along with Sai Baba adorn the walls there.

Every visitor, irrespective of his faith, is sure to behold his favourite deity and feel at home in Sufi Dar.

With the grace of Dadaji we get to have the *darshan* of great saints from various places. Miracles occur in this heavenly place just like other ordinary occurrences.

Dadaji's physical absence will forever be felt, but he will always be present among us. His love and grace will never fade from our hearts.

Jai Puj Baba!
Vanitha Moorjani

OUR KIND GURU

I first started going to Sufi Dar 25 years ago. Come rain or shine, my husband and I would never fail to attend Puj Baba's *aarti* on Saturdays.

About 20 years ago, my husband, Govardhan, was hospitalized and had to undergo a surgical procedure. The doctors said they would have to amputate one of his legs due to gangrene. I had no medical knowledge and we were poor at the time, so I took my husband to a government hospital.

Sadly, no care was taken and my husband's gangrene soon spread. When Dadaji found out, he immediately sent Govind, a *sevadhari*, to help take my husband to St Isabel's hospital in Chennai.

Dr Vijay was looking after and treating my husband and within three weeks he was discharged from hospital. Dadaji bore all the hospital expenses as we couldn't afford them. With Puj Baba and Dadaji's blessings, my husband was saved.

We are blessed with two sons and with Dadaji's blessings, my elder son went overseas and is now married and settled there. My younger son soon followed in his footsteps.

There was a time when we had no money to pay our rent and now my son has bought us a house in Chennai. All of this has only been possible with Dadaji's blessings.

Kavita Jamnani
Chennai, India

FINANCES, FUEL AND A FAST

My husband and I first started going to Sufi Dar about 25 years ago. We were very poor at the time. Shortly after we began our *seva*, we won ₹50,000 through a lottery. We brought the money to Dadaji and kept it at his feet. He blessed us and asked us to keep the amount.

In 2005, we were returning home around 11:30pm after *Navratri* celebrations at Sufi Dar when our car suddenly stopped. We had no fuel and also no money as we had left our wallets at home. My husband saw another vehicle, a Tempo opposite us and told me to ask them for help, but I was reluctant to do so.

Not long after, the owner of the Tempo called out to me and told me he too had run out of petrol and was about to refuel his vehicle. When he returned, he surprisingly filled our car up with petrol too. I knew that Puj Baba had come to help us.

On another occasion, I had thought about keeping a fast (*vrat*) for *Satyanarayan*. After finishing my *seva* at Sufi Dar I had planned to buy some flowers for the *puja*, which was the following day. Dadaji called me when I arrived at Sufi Dar and told me to keep the *vrat* the next day. I was speechless; it was as though God had heard my prayers. Since then I have kept a *Satyanarayan* fast each month.

Dadaji was like a father to me and I miss him dearly. I have gained happiness and peace in my life because of him.

Sabita
Chennai, India

THE GIRL WITH A FRACTURE

When I was younger and studying at boarding school in Coonoor, I fractured my leg. The doctor told my parents that I would have trouble walking even after the cast was removed.

We went to seek Dadaji's blessings. He reassured my parents that I would be fine, but said that they would have to donate a very small amount* to pay for some wood that was needed at Sufi Dar. My parents willingly obliged.

After my cast was removed I realised there was a very slight difference between my right and left leg. We went to visit Dadaji and he applied some oil on my leg.

Within no time, the discrepancy between my legs had completely disappeared and I was able to walk effortlessly.

Meenu Gopwani
Mumbai, India

* Cash donations are not accepted at Sufi Dar unlike other religious institutions. On this occasion, the small amount that the family was asked to pay was part of a *dus*.

MIRACLES OF MY MURSHID

Over the years, we have witnessed a number of miracles with Dadaji's blessings. For every problem, he always guided us in the right direction. I have shared three miracles below.

1. In June 1987, my wife was nine months pregnant and contracted malaria. She had a fever of 104 degrees. At that time in Cameroon, the doctors wanted to give her antibiotics immediately as they feared for our baby's health. My mother called Dadaji and he advised my wife not to take any medication as this would cause further harm. He told my mother to hang a plastic bucket of water with a hole at the bottom outside my wife's room, with the water droplets falling into a round steel tray below.

Dadaji explained that with each falling droplet, my wife's stomach would cool down and her fever would reduce. We were obviously a little worried; the doctors had said there were high chances of our baby contracting malaria if my wife rejected the medication. However, Dadaji told us to have faith and not to panic.

Within a day, my wife's fever vanished, and my daughter – a very healthy baby – was born a few days later.

2. In 1984, I had received a letter from the income tax authorities charging me with a high penalty which needed to be paid within a short period of time. I was very anxious because I didn't have the funds and the consequences of not paying were serious.

I asked my lawyer and auditor to find a solution. No one was able to help and both confirmed that I needed to pay the entire amount charged as soon as possible.

When I spoke to Dadaji, he simply asked me to keep the tax letter at Puj Baba's feet under his *chola*. Dadaji had given me this *chola* after the *varsi* celebrations at Sufi Dar in 1983. He asked me to hang the *chola* near the cash desk as though Puj Baba was present with me.

Dadaji told me to leave the paper there for 15 days. With each passing day I sat anxiously wondering where I would get the money from and what would happen if I couldn't secure the funds. Dadaji told me to have faith in Puj Baba.

After about 20 days, I showed the tax letter to my lawyer again to find out what had to be done next. He refused to believe it was the original letter I had shown him. Confused, I asked him why and how I could have changed it. Apparently the document was just a receipt of the amount I had already paid and I had no more payments to make. The lawyer was shocked and refused to believe that he could make such a mistake, however the proof was on paper!

3. Around 1991-1992, my supplier Jacky had a 40-foot container of televisions that was stranded and being held in Germany. He had asked me to take the shipment and pay for it only after I had sold all the goods.

Due to my son's school admission in India, I was not present when the container arrived in Douala. My managers had discharged the goods and displayed them. However over two weeks had passed and not a single piece was sold. We all were a little concerned and wondered what to do next.

When I spoke to Dadaji about this problem, he told me to take care of my son's admission, and to tell my managers

to call him every evening. He promised to advise them on how to proceed.

The first day, Dadaji instructed them to write "Om" on 20 cartons of televisions and place them outside the shop. By that evening, all 20 were sold.

Each day, as per Dadaji's instructions, my managers wrote on the boxes and put them outside. Not a single day passed when the specific number that Dadaji had mentioned was not sold. Within 10 days we had sold all of our stock.

Yogesh Thadani
Douala, Cameroon

THE CATERER

After getting married, I moved to Lagos, Nigeria. I had a catering business there, which was going very well, but after a while, we decided to return to Chennai.

I came to seek Dadaji's blessings when we moved back to Chennai. Dadaji said, "In India, you won't get the love and affection you had in Lagos, but you will earn good money".

When my husband was unwell, I went to see Dadaji. He wrote something on a piece of paper, gave it to me and told me my husband would be fine.

Many years ago, Dadaji asked if I knew how to make *lolo – mithi roti* (sweet flatbread). I said I did and he asked me to make four lolos in Sufi Dar every *chand* (once a month). Since then, I have been a regular *sevadhari* at the dargah.

With Dadaji's blessings, I have three flats of my own. All of his predictions have come true. He is everything for me. Even if I washed his feet and drank the water, that wouldn't be enough to convey my appreciation for all he has done.

Thank you Dadaji for everything.

Maya Chugani
Chennai, India

FINDING AN APARTMENT

By the divine grace and blessings of the Lord we had the good fortune of knowing Dadaji.

Dadaji changed our lives with his guidance, kindness, compassion and blessings.

When we were looking for an apartment in Mumbai, I turned to Dadaji for guidance. He told us what floor number to consider, what to do while the apartment was under construction and what *puja* to perform when we moved in.

It was a very lucky apartment for us due to Dadaji's blessings. Even now, when I think about that apartment, it brings back fond memories of Dadaji's immense kindness and guidance.

Thank you Puj Baba and Dadaji.

Yours humbly,

Vindri Ishwar
Florida, USA

THE IMPOSSIBLE BANK LOAN

My brother and I run a business exporting industrial leather work gloves. At the start of our career, we had export commitments to meet and required funds to fulfil those orders. I discussed the problem with Dadaji. He advised me to bow down to Puj Baba, tell him my problem and then head to the bank.

I did as Dadaji said and then went to the bank. The chief manager asked how much money I required. I explained that I was only permitted a small credit limit with the bank, which wouldn't be sufficient. The chief manager increased my credit limit ten-fold without taking any collateral security and simply recorded it in a note of commitment on the bank documents. He said, "I don't know what's making me trust you and do this for you".

We were able to fulfil our orders, generate a huge turnover and expand our business ten-fold.

When I tell people about this, they find it difficult to believe that a bank could grant a loan without collateral security. These are the blessings of Puj Baba and Dadaji.

Vijay G. Budhrani
Chennai, India

THE SPEEDY VISA

I happened to visit Dadaji one evening and as always, he asked, "*Bacha*, how is the business doing?" I casually mentioned that a leather exhibition was being held in Miami in four days. Dadaji told me that I should go. I asked for his blessings and left.

As I headed out of Sufi Dar, I wondered how I would manage to make the trip considering I didn't have a US visa. Even if I applied straight away, I knew from previous experience that it was normal for over 1,000 people to queue outside the consulate for their visa applications, so the chances of me obtaining one at such short notice were slim.

Nevertheless, I had immense faith in Dadaji, so I knew something would work out. I called my travel agent and requested him to queue up at the consulate at 7am the next morning. I joined him at 9am and as I feared, there were close to 1,000 others in the queue. At around 9.30am, I left my agent in the queue and went straight to the entrance to find out what was happening and how long we were expected to wait as the line was moving at a snail's pace.

Suddenly, a lady came out of the entrance and asked me what I wanted. I told her I needed a visa urgently as I had an exhibition to attend in Miami. She didn't allow me to enter the consulate, but took my passport away and told me my visa had been issued and that I should confirm my travel plans. I thanked her sincerely. She called later and told me not to collect the passport myself, but rather to send my agent instead.

I was shocked that I was able to obtain a visa and fly the next day. My travel agent and clients in Miami were equally shocked – no one was expecting me to make it. Dadaji was so happy to hear the news and told me Puj Baba was taking care of me.

Puj Baba is great. Dadaji would say that everything is possible with Baba's blessings. Thankfully I made a lot of money on this trip which helped me immensely as I was in the early stages of my career.

Vijay G. Budhrani
Chennai, India

REVIVING A NEWBORN

A couple was blessed with a baby boy with the grace of Puj Baba and Dadaji. Sadly, a few hours after he was born, the doctors noticed serious health issues, which left him unable to breathe.

Not long after, he was declared dead by the doctors. With tears in their eyes, the couple brought their baby to Dadaji asking him to revive the newborn. Dadaji told the couple to go to Sufi Dar and keep the baby on Puj Baba's feet. As soon as they did so, the baby began to cry.

Devotee

THE MISSING SONS AND THE WEDDING

A *Sindhi* family came to Dadaji for help when their 26-year-old son went missing. They had visited every hospital and searched for their son everywhere, but they were unable to find him. Dadaji advised the parents to search for their son in water. After a long search, their son's dead body was found near the shore at Mahabalipuram.

A Marwari jeweller family in Chennai sought Dadaji's blessings when their 15-year-old son went missing. Dadaji told them not to worry as their son was alright and would return in three days. On the third day, they found their son.

In 2001, the son of Jawahar Khubchandani, a devotee, was about to be married. On the day of his wedding, it began to drizzle. The family was worried as the wedding was to be held in an open-air venue. They had spent a huge sum of money on the decorations and it was impossible to change the venue at such short notice, especially since 3,000 guests had been invited.

The family called Dadaji and asked for his blessings. Dadaji gave them an *akhar* to recite and told them not to look up at the sky until the end of the wedding. With his blessings and the blessings of Puj Baba, the wedding went smoothly. As soon as it was over, it began raining heavily. This was our *murshid's* power; he could even stop the rain, but he was always humble and presented himself as a normal human being.

Narrated by Ashok Khubchandani

Chennai, India

A VISIT FROM GURU NANAK

While travelling from Hong Kong to Japan many years ago, I carried with me some images of Ghous-e-Azam. When I arrived home later that night, I kept the bag of images on a chair in my *mandir* with a view to putting them up the next day.

The next morning I picked the bag up and was shocked to see an image of Guru Nanak Dev ji against the backrest of the chair. I thought this was probably my imagination and asked my wife to take a look. She too saw the image of Guru Nanak Dev ji, and so did several others who visited the *mandir*.

I kept the chair to one side so no one would sit on it. We saw Guru Nanak Dev ji's image there every day for an entire month. One day, someone came to pay their respects at the *mandir* and before I could stop him, he sat on the chair. When he got up, the image of Guru Nanak Dev ji had vanished.

Kishore Motwani
Kobe, Japan

MY MENTOR

Never can I forget the auspicious day I met my mentor, my guru and my father, Dadaji.

While we sat with him as a group, he asked me if I had a question for him. I was alarmed by his ability to read my mind. I shared with him my childhood fear, that I could never be alone anywhere at all. If my family was away, I was scared to stay at home by myself and would have frightening thoughts.

Dadaji gave me a *dus* to wear a pendant with Puj Baba's image, tied around my neck with a red or black thread for protection. From that day onwards the fear vanished like it had never existed at all.

Life became a miracle after we met Dadaji. Our *murshid* had the answers for all our doubts or queries and rowed the boat of life whenever the tides were high or low.

Another instance I clearly remember was when our office caught fire. We were completely shaken up by the incident. How relaxed he was when we all went weeping to him. He said simply, "*Bhali thee*", meaning "All for the best". He also reminded us that things could have been much worse. "Thank God nobody was inside the office while the fire occurred overnight and no life was affected," he said.

We can't thank you enough sain, for guiding us through this journey called life. We believe that you will hold our hands and lead us to the heavens above. Jai Shahenshah. Jai Dada Sai. Huq Maujood.

Kanchan Khubchandani
Chennai, India

THE MYSTERY DOCTOR

One evening during the annual *Navratri* celebrations, I arrived at Sufi Dar at 7:30pm to do my *seva*. My wife Renu was due to attend a little later as our children were young at the time. I met Dadaji in his house and then went up to the *dargah*.

Around 9pm, Renu phoned Dadaji and told him that our son Anish had hurt his head and was bleeding profusely. Dadaji asked her to rush him to a hospital nearby. Renu asked Dadaji to give us a *dus*, and Dadaji replied, "This is the *dus*; go to the hospital immediately".

Dadaji told me what had happened and asked me to bring him five pieces of Puj Baba's *misri*. He blessed the *misri*, told me to give it to my son to eat, and then return to Sufi Dar immediately.

In the meantime, a hospital receptionist told Renu that all the doctors had left for the day. She was in tears and thought about taking Anish to another hospital, which was further away.

Just then, a man walked up to Renu, introduced himself as a doctor and asked what the matter was. She explained the situation and soon, she and Anish were following the doctor to the outpatient clinic. The doctor began to clean Anish's wound as he cried and clung to Renu.

The doctor noticed a locket around Renu's neck and asked whose photo it was. She told him it was Puj Baba's and began talking about Dadaji and Sufi Dar, somehow diverting everyone's attention for a few minutes. In the time they conversed, the doctor managed to put stitches on Anish's wound without mentioning that he would do

so, as he realized that both mother and son were already shaken up.

The doctor prescribed some medicines and explained that Anish could return home, but told Renu that if our son vomited, a CT scan would be necessary given his head injury. She thanked him and apologised for being unable to pay his fees straight away since she had left home in a hurry on account of the emergency. The doctor laughed, pulled out his wallet which was filled with money and said, "What money? Take as much as you want!"

Renu apologised once more and said she would return the next day to settle the bill. She asked the doctor for his name and he handed her a green visiting card. As he looked at her, there was a shine in his eyes and a smile on his face.

Once they returned home, I gave my son the *misri* and told my wife we had to leave immediately to reach Sufi Dar in time for Durga Mata's *havan*. Just as we were leaving, my son threw up. We were extremely anxious and immediately phoned Dadaji. He asked if my son had eaten the *misri* and I confirmed that he had. "*Poh theek ahay, Babo vetho aahey, tavanh halya acho*," he said (Then it's ok, Baba is there, you come to Sufi Dar).

The next day, everything was fine. Renu went to the hospital to pay the doctor, but was told that he was unavailable and had been on leave for the last few days!

When we relayed the story to Dadaji, he said it was Puj Baba and not the doctor who had treated Anish.

Rajesh Raheja
Chennai, India

THE HIDDEN SAVINGS

It was a Saturday night after Puj Baba's *aarti* and it was time to go home. As usual, we went into Dadaji's house to wish him *Hari Om* and goodnight.

He lay on his bed and was getting ready to go to sleep while many devotees stood around him to seek his blessings before departing.

When my turn came, I bowed down before him. He blessed me and I asked him to also bless my son, Bhagesh, who was standing next to me. While placing his hand on my son's head, he asked me,

"Elder son or younger one?"

I replied, "Dadaji, my younger son, Bhag".

He was quiet for a moment and then suddenly said, "He has hidden some cash in his cupboard as his savings without anyone's knowledge! He is a rich man."

Bhagesh broke into a sweat and his face changed colour in no time. He ran out of Dadaji's room and we all began laughing.

On the way home that night, my son asked me, "How does Dadaji know all of this?"

I replied, saying that he knows everything about everyone.

When we arrived home, we checked Bhagesh's cupboard and found the exact amount of money which Dadaji had mentioned earlier.

I informed Dadaji about this the next day and he had a very cute smile on his face.

Rajesh Raheja
Chennai, India

SUCCESS AT SCHOOL

Dadaji has been performing miracles right from the time I was born.

One miracle I recall related to my science studies at school. I would always ask for Dadaji's blessings before each exam so I could remember what I had studied without going blank.

In 2010, I was studying for my 10th board exams. The evening before my science exam I started to cry and told my mother that I was scared to sit the exam because I couldn't remember a single word of what I had studied the entire year.

My mother then called up my father who was at Sufi Dar at the time. My father told Dadaji that I wished to speak to him. The moment I greeted Dadaji, I broke down and shared with him my fears about the exam. He told me, "*Bacha*, don't worry; go and pray in front of Lord Shiva and say *Jai Ganga Behathi Rahe* for 10 minutes".

I did as Dadaji said. After that, while studying the remaining chapters, I felt a little more confident. The exam paper turned out to be an easy one, and with Puj Baba and Dadaji's grace I got 92%, which was the highest score I achieved in my 10th standard.

In 2014, a year after Dadaji took *mahasamadhi*, my mother was helping me clean my cupboards as Diwali was approaching. Both my brother and I have stationery, which has been touched and blessed by Dadaji. I had a special drawer with this stationery and got teary-eyed as it brought back fond memories of our time with him.

My mother spotted a calculator which was still neatly packed in its box. I told my mother that I had taken it to Sufi Dar for Dadaji to bless in advance of my chartered accountancy exams. He asked me to remove the calculator from the box and keyed in the number 1. Seeing that number made me very happy. I sat my exams in November 2013 using all the stationery, including the calculator, that Dadaji had blessed, and I emerged successful.

While narrating this story to my mother I began to cry as I missed Dadaji. My mother consoled me and told me "He is still with us". We took the calculator out from its box to have a look. Unbelievably, we saw the number 1 keyed in.

We were both shocked and full of mixed emotions. To me, it really was a sign that Dadaji is indeed still with us.

Love you Dadaji. Thank you Puj Baba and Dadaji for showering your blessings upon me and my family.

Geena Bharwani
Chennai, India

SAVING COWS FROM SLAUGHTER

After finishing his daily *seva* routine, Dadaji stood before Puj Baba and prayed to him, saying in his mind, "Baba, today is my birthday, please bless me," and asking "What is your message for me today?"

Dadaji heard the inner voice of Puj Baba say, "If you want to make me happy, then perform the *seva* of cows which are being slaughtered".

Dadaji replied, saying, "Baba, how will this be possible when I have no idea how to go about doing such *seva*?"

Puj Baba told him, "Don't worry. Just ask the fellow standing beside you and make him do everything with your guidance."

That fellow was me.

Dadaji used to visit Pinjrapole, a place for uncared cows, and feed them grass, bananas and jaggery. One day, he told me that he wanted to save a cow, which was being sent to the slaughterhouse, as it was Puj Baba's will. I made some enquiries and drove him to a place near Pinjrapole where the slaughterhouse was located.

As we arrived, we saw a very weak and lean cow being pulled by ropes inside the gates of the slaughterhouse, but the cow refused to move. Dadaji got out of the car, stopped the man and asked me to negotiate with him in Tamil so he would sell us the cow.

After much argument, the man agreed, saying he was only concerned about the money. He felt the cow was useless to him because she was old, unable to bear calves or produce milk.

The cow had a frightened look on its face and was shedding tears as if in gratitude to Dadaji for saving its life.

We took the cow to Pinjrapole where it was cared for. After this incident, it became a daily practice for me to search for cows which were being sold to slaughterhouses.

I would like to mention here, that although I used to go looking for these cows, Dadaji would always tell me in advance where to go, what colour cow I would see on a particular day, and the amount for which the deal would be settled. It would happen exactly as he said.

I was only an instrument in Dadaji's mission of saving mother cows. Generally, female cows are sold only after they have outgrown their period of conception since they are no longer able to produce milk.

Over a period of time we saved many dry cows and Dadaji personally appointed me to visit every day to check on their wellbeing and look after their medical needs.

Not only did these neglected cows recover, but they also went on to become healthy mothers, yield strong calves and deliver huge quantities of milk, much to the surprise of everyone including the veterinary doctors present there. This was indeed a miracle.

In due course, the milk production of cows at Pinjrapole reduced drastically, and they were unable to meet their daily requirements. Ultimately, they had to depend on cows donated by Sufi Dar devotees. Those at Pinjrapole said that had it not been for Dadaji's *seva*, they would have had to completely shut down the sale of milk at Pinjrapole.

Dadaji used to say: "*Hu chahey the kuch bhi karey sagey toh; mualan khey bhi jiyarey saghey toh*," (If He wishes, He can do anything; even bringing the dead to life).

Sufi Dar devotees have continued doing Dadaji's *seva* with great love and affection, visiting Pinjrapole every day and taking good care of all the cows.

Rajesh Raheja
Chennai, India

OUR JACKPOT

It was a Sunday evening, and after finishing *aarti* at the dargah, we went to seek Dadaji's blessings. He suddenly told us that we would be extremely happy and that very soon we would receive a huge business order.

Dadaji was absolutely correct. The next day, we received an order worth ₹ 5 million from the government.

Sevadhari

A BABY BOY

In 2002, a Sikh family from Delhi learned about Sufi Dar and Dadaji. The family was blessed with three daughters, but they also wanted a son.

With the help of a friend, they visited Chennai to seek Dadaji's help. Dadaji blessed them and asked them to seek the blessings of Guru Har Krishan Ji and to visit Bangla Sahib Gurdwara in Delhi. The family did as Dadaji said and exactly a year later, they had a baby boy.

Devotee

SAVED FROM A FATAL ACCIDENT

It was June 1993 and I wanted to travel to Bangalore for a few days to discuss a business proposal with my sister and brother-in-law.

We never do anything without Dadaji's advice, so I asked him for his approval before making arrangements. He hesitantly agreed.

I was due to travel on 26th June. My wife Renu wanted me to return to Chennai to celebrate our anniversary on 30th June. I told her it would all depend on my work schedule.

On 28th June, Renu called to say that Dadaji wanted me to return to Chennai by the afternoon of 29th June. I was upset with her and thought she was making this up so we could spend our anniversary together. Renu was furious and insisted this was Dadaji's message and told me to do as I wished.

My cousin in Bangalore had purchased a new car and was to leave for Chennai late in the evening on 29th June. He and my sister insisted that I go with him because he was travelling by himself. But I explained that Dadaji had asked me to return to Chennai by the afternoon of 29th June, so I had to make alternative plans.

My brother-in-law and I reached the railway station and, as expected, all the trains were full.

While waiting at the station, a coolie came out of nowhere and asked me if I wanted a ticket.

I ignored him, but my brother-in-law spoke to him in Kannada and told me the coolie was willing to sell me

a ticket for ₹500. As my brother-in-law began to give the coolie a few notes, I stopped him and said, "How can you trust an unknown coolie? We've checked ourselves and there are no tickets available! What if he takes the money and never returns?"

My brother-in-law pointed out that the coolie was asleep on the footpath nearby. "Why would he get up and offer to help us?" He suggested we take a chance as we only had ₹500 to lose.

After about 10 minutes, the coolie returned and handed over a confirmed ticket for an air-conditioned chair car. I couldn't believe it! I was spellbound. He then demanded ₹200 as commission and I told him I would pay ₹100.

He looked at me, smiled and said: "K*hushi khushi se do aur khushi khushi se ghar jao*" (Give me the money happily and go home happily). We thanked him and drove away.

I arrived in Chennai and went straight from the station to meet Dadaji. I said "Hari Om Dada". He was sitting in his chair at home with one hand on his chin, deep in thought. I bowed down and touched his feet. He didn't look at me or respond. I looked at Renu and we both remained quiet. Then we bowed down to Bhabhi (Dadaji's wife) and left to go home.

On the way home, I said angrily to Renu, "Why did Dadaji call me so urgently when he didn't even want to look at me or talk to me?"

When we got home, I called to wish my sister as her anniversary falls on June 29th. She said she would call the next day to wish Renu and me for our anniversary. She enquired about Dadaji and I told her everything was fine.

My sister called the next morning at 6am and began to cry. I was scared about what might have happened. She finally told me that my cousin, with whom she suggested I travel to Chennai, was involved in a fatal accident with a bus and died on the spot.

The accident was so severe that the car was trapped underneath the bus. The emergency personnel had to cut open the floor of the bus and then the roof of the car in order to pull my cousin's body from the wreckage. I was shocked to hear this and began to tremble.

We went to see Dadaji. I fell at his feet and started crying, asking for forgiveness. He asked me what had happened and I narrated the whole incident to him.

He shut his eyes and his face turned red. After five minutes, he opened his eyes and looked straight into mine. His eyes seemed bigger than usual and he had a different look on his face.

"*Baba coolie banji aayaa, tuhinji jaan bachain laye*", (Puj Baba came in the form of a coolie to save your life), he said.

It was only then that I understood the whole sequence of events that had taken place over the past few days.

Dadaji asked me to go up to Sufi Dar and thank Puj Baba for saving my life.

We are eternally grateful to Puj Baba and Dadaji for showering us with so much love, care, guidance and infinite blessings.

Rajesh Raheja
Chennai, India

A NEAR DEATH EXPERIENCE IN OOTY

Every year during the summer our entire family would go to the hill station of Ooty for a vacation.

My wife was expecting our third child at the time. The doctor had given us permission to travel, but Dadaji was unhappy with our decision to go.

A few days before our departure, my daughter, Varuna, our eldest child, had a dream that our family was in a white Maruti van. On the way to Ooty, on one of the Ghat roads, we had an accident and the van crashed down into the valley. Varuna was terrified and insisted we cancel our trip.

We relayed the dream to Dadaji and he stressed again that he was not in favour of the trip from the start. However, I told him all the arrangements had been made and it was too late to cancel. He reluctantly said that we should chant Puj Baba's name and go. We did that the next morning and left.

On reaching Mettupalayam, much to our disappointment, there was only one Maruti taxi and we had to proceed in it. After about 30 minutes, the driver tried to overtake a vehicle and suddenly from the opposite direction we saw a bus heading our way. Our driver tried to apply his brakes, but they failed. Luckily, the bus driver was able to stop and avoid a head-on collision.

As we were on a steep slope on the Ghats, the van started to move backwards. The driver kept braking, but the van did not stop. Instead, it picked up speed and started rolling back even faster towards the valley – exactly as Varuna had seen in her dream.

The driver turned his steering wheel in an attempt to move onto the opposite side of the road, but the van continued to slip back. As we neared the edge of the road, we all screamed out loudly "Baba!"

The van suddenly turned around and the front bumper hit a huge bolder, bringing us to a halt, just at the edge of the cliff. We all rushed out of the van, shaken after this near death experience.

My daughter cried and said, "I told you not to travel. Puj Baba saved us, otherwise we would have been down in the valley by now."

We arrived in Ooty safely and called Dadaji to tell him what had happened. He said, "*Baba sambhal kayi naa?*" (Baba saved you and took care of you, didn't he?)

Rajesh Raheja
Chennai, India

THE COLLEGE ADMISSION

I have personally witnessed many of Dadaji's miracles.

One took place in 2007 when I was applying for admission to Loyola College. My family went to seek Dadaji's blessings so that I would be accepted. Prior to this meeting, Dadaji told my dad to keep aside a certain amount of money which would be needed in future for the admission. My dad set aside the money accordingly.

The college published 3 admission lists and my name was not on any of them. All of my friends had already been accepted onto courses of their choice and I was really upset that I wasn't able to get mine.

My dad managed to find someone who could help me with the admission. Dadaji's words had come true; the person asked for the amount of money that Dadaji had told my dad to set aside. However, the person said they could only secure my place in the college, not on the course of my choice.

Dadaji told us that the person would oblige us and that we should pay the money he had asked for. I managed to gain entry into Loyola College, but I still didn't have the course I wanted. My family and I asked Dadaji to bless us so I could eventually change my course. Dadaji advised my dad to meet the principal of the college every day.

For 30 days my dad and I went to meet the principal to ask for permission to change my course, but to no avail. Tired and disappointed we went back to Dadaji once again and told him that we would no longer meet the principal and that I would simply accept the course I was on. Dadaji asked us to meet the principal one last

time on a Thursday. We followed his advice and to our utter amazement he allowed me to change my course. That was the only day that the principal had permitted students to change their course.

As Dadaji said, Thursday was the last time we had to meet the principal. This is one of the miracles of my life.

Thank you Puj Baba and Dadaji.

Pawan Bharwani
Ulaanbaatar, Mongolia

THE HAPPIEST TIME OF MY LIFE

When Dadaji came to the United States, it was the happiest time of my life. I remember it quite vividly.

I lived about 6 hours away from where I planned to meet Dadaji in Houston. This particular drive was the most beautiful and memorable knowing that I was going to meet my guru.

It was so wonderful to have him sitting in the living room, filling our minds and hearts with stories of his life and the saints. Everyone learned a tremendous amount from Dadaji during these sacred gatherings.

I must have visited him two or three times and clearly remember packing my kids and my sister Malka's kids in our van, and taking the long drive down to Houston. In order to maximize our time with Dadaji, we visited him in July, during our children's summer vacation. Dadaji spent a lot of time with them, blessing them and filling their hearts with beautiful stories. They sat there intently and soaked up every single word. It was truly memorable.

Then, Dadaji came to Laredo to visit my parents' home and Puj Baba's *mandir* there. I am the luckiest girl in the world because I got to be with Dadaji in Laredo on my 39th birthday. I got the opportunity to cut my birthday cake in front of him, touch his feet and receive all of his blessings.

While Dadaji was in Laredo, we all invited him to visit our homes and stores in McAllen and Brownsville, where my aunts resided. McAllen is about a 3-hour drive from Laredo.

We were so excited that Dadaji agreed. Our family in Laredo arranged a chartered flight for him, so he would not have

to be on the road for too long. Before he left on the flight to McAllen, my sisters and I were with him in Laredo. We left by car about 3 hours before his flight to head towards McAllen to greet him there when he landed. We were so excited and bought all of the food in preparation.

When he finally arrived, we all went to pick him up at the airport and took him straight to our stores. When we stopped by my store, he was utterly amazed and believed it was very lucky. He went on to bless us as he walked around and looked at every single item. He took particular notice of a bowl we filled with lollipops. I told him it was for all the children who visited the store. Dadaji was very pleased and thought it was a great idea. After walking around, Dadaji and Bhabhi sat at the back of the store, sipping a cup of tea.

Over time, several people came to visit and speak to him. One of them was Bharat; a friend of my husband Kumar, who came to ask for blessings. Dadaji gave him a *dus*. My brother-in-law from Lima, Peru, came all the way to meet with Dadaji too. After some time, Dadaji visited all of our houses.

When he entered my house, he walked through each room. He eventually came to the makeshift temple in a closet. It was a very sacred place where I prayed and kept all of the Gods. When Dadaji saw the closet, he was very upset, and said, "You have such a big house and you have given such a small space to your Gods? This is really bad, you need to move from this house and get a bigger house where you could convert an extra room into a temple."

After a while, he went for a walk outside in the backyard and he saw that it was very big. He suggested that instead

of getting a bigger house, we could build a temple outdoors, given the amount of space we had. I was very excited and decided we would begin constructing it immediately.

When Dadaji was leaving my house, it was very windy and looked as though a storm was going to pass through. So I said, "Dadaji, it is going to rain!" He smiled and said, "It's good. It is because when God is happy, it rains." I'll never forget that. He also said, "You should never walk on your grassy lawn at night. All of those insects that live deep inside the soil come out at night and look for food. So every time you walk, you would be crushing them. So make sure you do not walk on the grass in the evening." That's another thing I have learned from Dadaji, one that I still keep in mind.

After visiting a few more houses, we continued our journey to Brownsville. We went to my uncle's house for a celebratory dinner. A lot of people came by that evening to feast and visit Dadaji. It was so beautiful.

After about a month, the temple in my backyard was complete and so I called Dadaji in India. He urged me to open the *mandir* on Krishna's birthday, and he said he would be there between 11-12pm. I invited my sisters and the three of us sat in the temple where we prayed and sang *bhajans*. It was beautiful and very peaceful.

The next day I asked Dadaji if he had the opportunity to visit the temple. He said yes and described exactly where in the temple he had been. It was incredible. It was exactly where we had set up Dadaji's *aasthan*; where we kept his chair with a picture on it. That is where he sat. Wow.

Pooja Chugani
McAllen, Texas, USA

CALMNESS AND ABUNDANCE

I personally remember when Dadaji came to the US and how he would take care of my daughter Koushilia and tap her on her head.

Koushilia was known to be very rowdy and oftentimes a bully. My father asked Dadaji if there was anything to be done to remedy her behaviour. Dadaji would use one finger and gently tap her head when he sensed her mood shifting. Now we realize it was his tapping method, which proved to be very effective. The method calmed Koushilia down a lot and made her very wise. To this day she's one of the smartest and calmest people in our whole family!

I also remember Dadaji coming into all of our houses and blessing each and every one of us. He would leave each of us a piece of paper with a meaningful word or phrase. For example at my store, he left a paper that said "*Barqat*." To this day, I still have that word framed.

Rosy Sachdev
Laredo, Texas, USA

THE BLOOD PRESSURE MIRACLE

Dadaji once visited Laredo to inaugurate Sufi Manzil, a temple dedicated to Puj Baba.

Dadaji blessed the temple at my in-laws' house. At that time, I was living in Canada and I travelled to the United States to visit Dadaji. I remember that particular day because my blood pressure was rather high. I had doubled my dose of medication, but that didn't seem to help.

I couldn't understand what was going on. Given I was visiting Dadaji in the US, I didn't have a doctor in the area. Regardless, I recall walking by the living room one afternoon around 2:30-3:00pm, and Dadaji happened to be there. When he saw me, he looked directly into my eyes and I felt like something had shifted. He asked me how I was doing and I replied that I was fine. He mentioned that I looked rather tired and I told him I was experiencing high blood pressure. At that moment, he urged me to go sleep for a few hours and check my blood pressure again upon waking.

I did as Dadaji said and I couldn't believe that my blood pressure had reduced. It was then that I knew it was his blessing, his grace and divine presence that aided me and left me feeling a sense of peace.

This is only one of many instances when Dadaji touched my life.

Dadaji was great, Dadaji is great, and Dadaji will always be great. Jai Puj Baba.

Suresh Shivdasani
McAllen, Texas, USA

SEVA AND GUIDANCE

Dadaji had asked us to distribute vegetable biryani at Nizamuddin Dargah in Delhi during the month of Ramadan one year. The dargah was to prepare the biryani and we were simply to serve it. This was my first time doing such *seva* and I was surprised to see the biryani served only to a few people.

When we went to Sufi Dar, Dadaji asked us about the distribution. I told him hardly anyone was given the biryani and that it was expensive, especially considering there were only potatoes in it. I explained that we could spend half the amount of money and cook a biryani with many more vegetables in it if we made it ourselves. Dadaji asked whether I would be able to do this and I agreed. I am lucky to continue this *seva* today.

In 2013, during the auspicious dates of the Sufi calendar where prayers and *prasad* are offered to Data Dastagir Badshah of Baghdad, Dadaji asked us to cook 7kg of biryani every day for distribution.

One day, while cooking, a very large monkey appeared in front of us. I was afraid the monkey would spoil the biryani and the other food that had been prepared for rationing. I called Dadaji and he gave me a *dus*. While chanting those words, the monkey went away.

When it was time for distribution, Dadaji would tell us who we would see each time; three blind people, a girl with a round face and big earrings, etc. His descriptions were always accurate and we would always see these people while performing *seva*.

I pray that I will remember each and every moment with Dadaji. I owe him every single breath. I believe we can improve ourselves by following Dadaji's teachings to speak truthfully.

Dadaji always encouraged all *sevadharis* to remain united, and never fight over small things. He was very particular about timings, showing us how work should be done on schedule, with discipline and devotion.

He believed in perfection and in choosing the best quality regardless of cost, whether it was food or clothes, not just for himself, but equally when making arrangements for *prasad* and distribution.

I truly believe that Dadaji's miracles will continue for eternity. He has not only blessed me, but anyone who approached him with a problem.

I have so much to say about my *murshid*. My life will end, but my praises for him never will. I pray that Dadaji helps me to continue performing *seva* until my last breath.

Suneeta Nathani
New Delhi

TRIBUTE

THE GURU'S TEST

I don't know how to describe Dadaji's love in words, but I will say that his love for each and every one of us was immense. He took care of us and is still doing so now.

He is life for us. He is my guru, my guide, my everything. There is nothing beyond him. I have not seen God and I do not know God. But I saw a guru in Dadaji.

I have visited Sufi Dar for over 50 years. One year, Dadaji gave me permission to travel to India for five days. My son was about to begin his higher education in the US, so I decided I would visit his campus after my India trip.

On the fifth day, I packed my bags and put them in the car as I was scheduled to leave Chennai. Dadaji told me to postpone my departure by five days. Each time the date of my departure approached, Dadaji would ask me to stay on. This continued on and on and I eventually cancelled my US trip and stayed in Chennai for 54 days.

I guess Dadaji was testing me to see if I would accept my guru's command. As Dadaji used to say, without sitting your exams, you don't get to the next grade in school. I suppose in the school of spirituality, the same rule applies.

Kishore Motwani
Kobe, Japan

A DIVINE AURA

I truly believe that Dadaji's miracles will continue for eternity. He has not only blessed me, but anyone who approached him with a problem.

Dadaji changed my life from the very first day that I met him. It would be unfair to only write about Dadaji's miracles because they were his blessings. But his teachings and guidance taught us many things in life. Our attitude towards life has changed completely with these teachings.

When we look at our past, it seems baseless and dark. Under his shelter, life is full of colour and happiness. His first teaching of truth may be difficult to accept, but if one follows his guidance, they will automatically be blessed with peace and happiness.

Suneeta Nathani
New Delhi, India

REVERENCE AND RESPECT

Dadaji, words cannot describe what we feel when we say your name. We always felt a strange bond, even before meeting you. We have always been drawn to you. The words "reverence and respect" fall short in reflecting how we feel about you. "Gratitude" feels insufficient when counting the blessings you have given us.

Although you are no longer with us physically, you remain in our hearts. We always believe that you reside in the same place and in the same way that we had seen at Sufi Dar. We have been blessed simply by seeing you and touching your feet.

Thank you Dadaji for this and for all the uncountable ways in which you have been with us.

Jharna and Trishul Aswani
New Delhi, India

AN UNEXPLAINABLE AURA

I was awestruck when I saw Dadaji sitting on his chair so calmly. I had no words to say. I couldn't take my eyes off him. There was an unexplainable aura around him and I didn't need to tell him anything ... he knew it all! I had tears rolling down my cheeks and he had kind and understanding words to say.

Today I feel blessed that I had the privilege of meeting Dadaji personally. His blessings have made me a stronger person from that day on. He asked me to read the Madah Sahib and collect it from the *darbar* (Gurdwara), but they couldn't find a copy. And then, out of nowhere, they found a photocopied version – the last one, which I knew was meant for me.

Shukrana Dadaji.

Sheetal Chugh
Chennai, India

A DIVINE PRESENCE

Ratanchand ji, or as he is fondly known to many – Dadaji, has been a guiding light to many a ship lost at sea. People of all religions, ages and occupations were always welcome at Dadaji's doorstep at Sufi Dar in Chennai and could always look to him for guidance.

Dadaji was kindness personified. His love and warmth touched thousands of lives; mine and my family's included. We feel blessed with his divine grace, perpetually feel his presence with us, and will always remember him for the joy he brought to our lives.

Karn Vijaya Singh

A PATH SET BY DADAJI

Since the day I was born, I have always felt like I was set on a path by Dadaji. He chose my name – Harikrishan – after Guru Har Krishan, (the eighth of the 10 Sikh gurus). Although many look at a name as just that, a name, it makes me feel like I have much potential.

Dadaji has given me the confidence to be a leader by uttering the simple phrase, "Be bold", encouraged my dreams of becoming a doctor, and given me full faith in a higher spiritual power.

Dadaji's significance in my life is not easy to explain, but it has been the greatest blessing of them all. I am motivated to live in honour of the expectations that Dadaji had for me. I am forever in debt to him. His influence will forever reside within me.

Harikrishan Sachdev
Laredo, Texas, USA

THE MESSENGER OF GOD

Meeting Dadaji was the most wonderful moment of my life. I never knew his might until I met him and experienced it myself.

He was not an ordinary man but a true divine soul sent by God on a special mission. He was always one with the elixir of the Almighty. His eyes sparkled with his love for ultimate divinity.

It was always a wonder to me that whatever was on my mind or in my thoughts was on his tongue! It baffled me. How did he know everything?

A few things he emphasised were:
1) We must contribute at least 1% of whatever we earn to the poor and needy.
2) Feed the poor with love and respect.
3) Feeding animals: His love was not only limited to humans, but extended to animals also. He always wanted cows, crows, dogs, etc., to be fed.
4) Regularity and adherence to time when performing one's duties.

He also taught me about *puja*. On one occasion, I was lucky to be with him when he was standing before Puj Baba and reciting a prayer. I felt as though Puj Baba was right beside him listening to his words. Such was the magnitude of his prayers! They were so impactful and had a mesmerising effect on me.

His holy words, guiding light and parting note of "*Bacha kher-e-kher*" (Bless you my child), will always echo in my mind and make me feel blessed throughout my life.

Anita Tarachandani
New Delhi, India

A GREAT SOUL

Dadaji lives on. His presence is a blessing.

Dadaji was like an innocent child when it came to his faith and the joy he had of being with Puj Baba.

He was our mentor, guiding us through the ups and downs of our lives. He was far beyond worldly situations and yet, in his compassion, he was willing to spare his precious moments for us all. He looked beyond the exterior and saw inside our hearts. And in his kindness, he solved our problems and rejoiced in our happiness.

When daddy (my father) was gone, it was the saddest time of my life. Daddy was most loved by everyone who came in contact with him; his patients, his family, his relatives, his friends, his staff, etc. So I was heartbroken when I would see him depressed and sad in my dreams. I would pray with all my heart for him to be happy wherever he was.

I once dreamed of Dadaji calling daddy and giving him a gold coin; "*Ashrafi*" is what i heard in my mind. And then, daddy came and showed it to me and smiled a secretive smile. Henceforth, whenever I have dreamed of daddy, I have seen him happy and joyous as he used to be. I really don't know the meaning of this dream. All I know is daddy was in some way taken care of by Dadaji in the afterlife.

It is reassuring to know that great souls like Dadaji live on forever and help God keep his children happy.

God bless Dadaji forever. We all miss him so much.

Dr Kavita Tondon
New Delhi, India

SUFI MANZIL, OUR SPIRITUAL SANCTUARY IN TEXAS

A man of nothing ultimately became something. And I, this man, owe it all to my beloved Dadaji.

Toiling, unfulfilled and struggling to make ends meet, I found a saviour in Dadaji. More than a guiding hand, Dadaji supplied me with endless courage to combat life's obstacles.

In awe of Dadaji and Sufi Dar's magnificence, I had a dream to construct a *mandir* in my hometown of Laredo, Texas. This dream soon transformed into a possibility. I shared this possibility with Dadaji, and he was nothing but encouraging.

However, I soon realized that constructing a *mandir* was no easy task. Panicked, I made the conscious decision to put this dream on hold. A month or two passed. I unexpectedly received a message to call the omniscient Dadaji. He urged me to follow my intuition and to quickly complete the construction of what is now Sufi Manzil. Thankfully, with Dadaji's golden grace, this dream came to fruition.

Sufi Manzil, touched by Dadaji's presence, speaks volumes to the souls who visit it.

Dadaji and Sufi Manzil have moulded my family into the close-knit group we are today. All of my children and grandchildren are my blessings and wealth and I am forever thankful to Dadaji for such a beautiful family.

Gul Vaswani
Laredo, Texas, USA

THE CAPTAIN OF MY SHIP

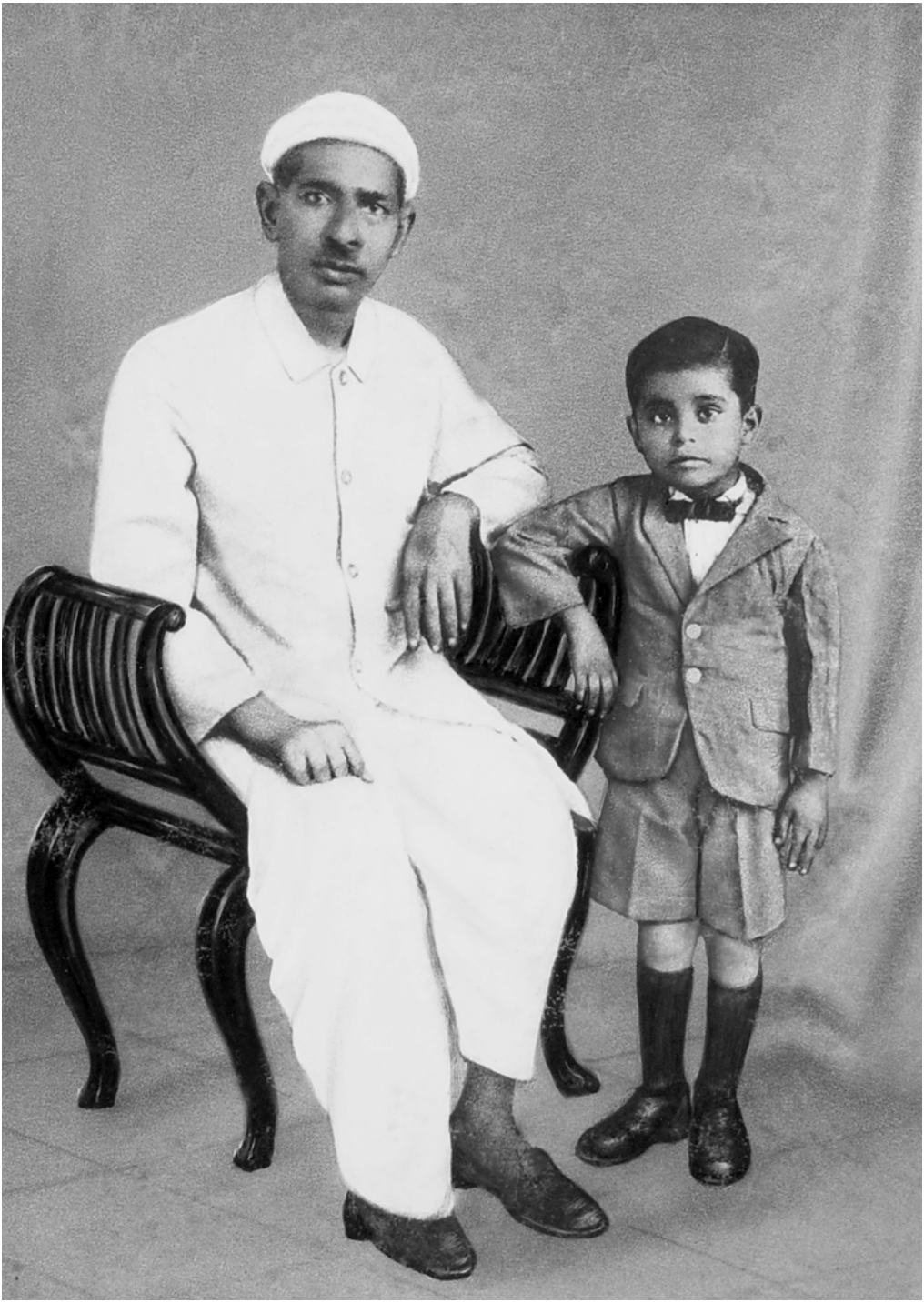
What does my dearest Dadaji mean to me? He means everything to me. Ever since I was a young boy, Dadaji has held my hand and always steered me in the right direction. I would not be who I am today if it was not for the influence and presence of my Dadaji.

I was always nervous to see Dadaji in person, or even talk to him on the phone, but the times I did, he treated me like his son and always showed me so much love and care. He radiated calm and peace, and just being in his presence was a gift from God.

Everything Dadaji has told me, I have followed to my own benefit. His advice has never been wrong, and I owe everything I have today to him. I miss him dearly, but I will never forget him or his guidance and teachings. I will love and miss Dadaji forever. I am eternally grateful to Puj Baba for allowing me to receive Dadaji's blessings and guidance.

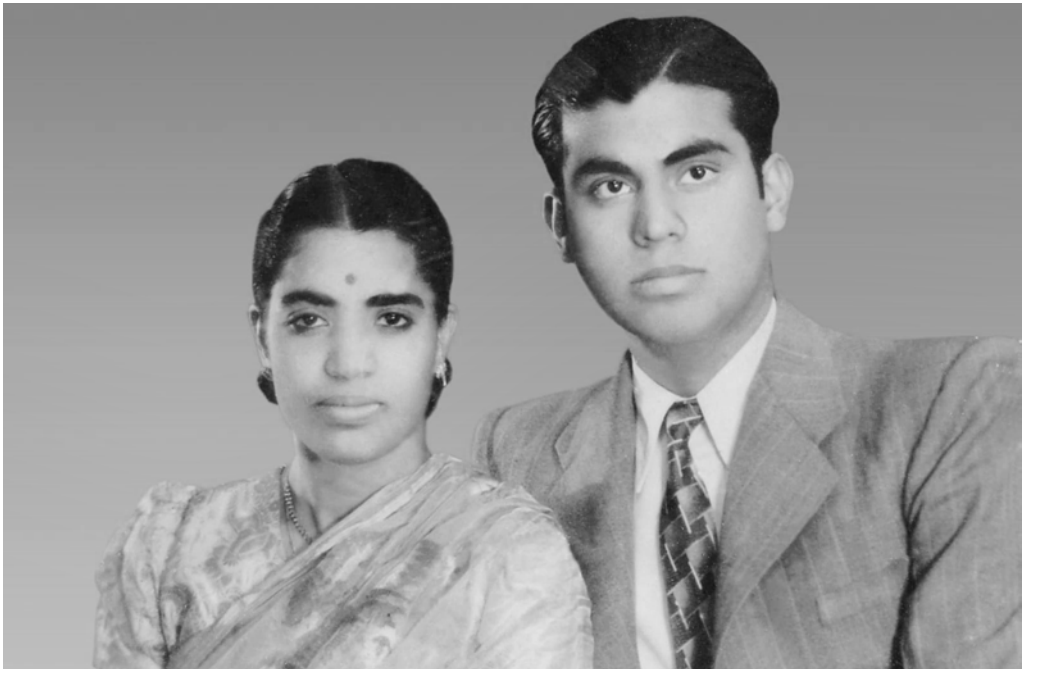
Hitesh K Chugani
McAllen, Texas, USA

GALLERY



A young Dadaji with his grandfather
Bhai Hemandas Chatlani, his nana, who looked after and raised him

Dadaji's father, Dada Pessumal Dodani

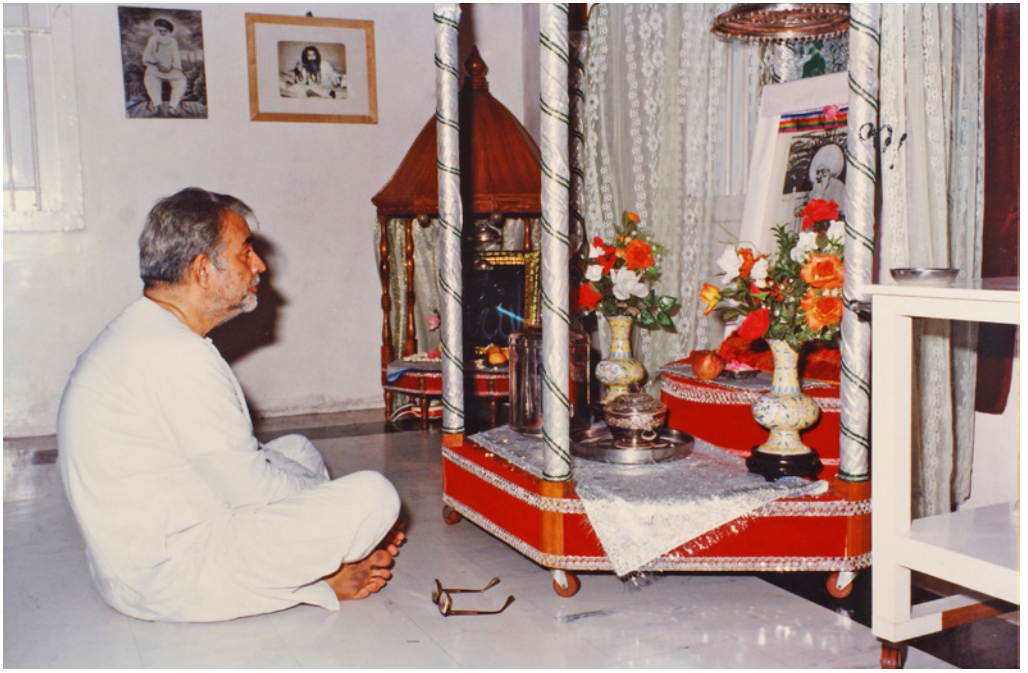


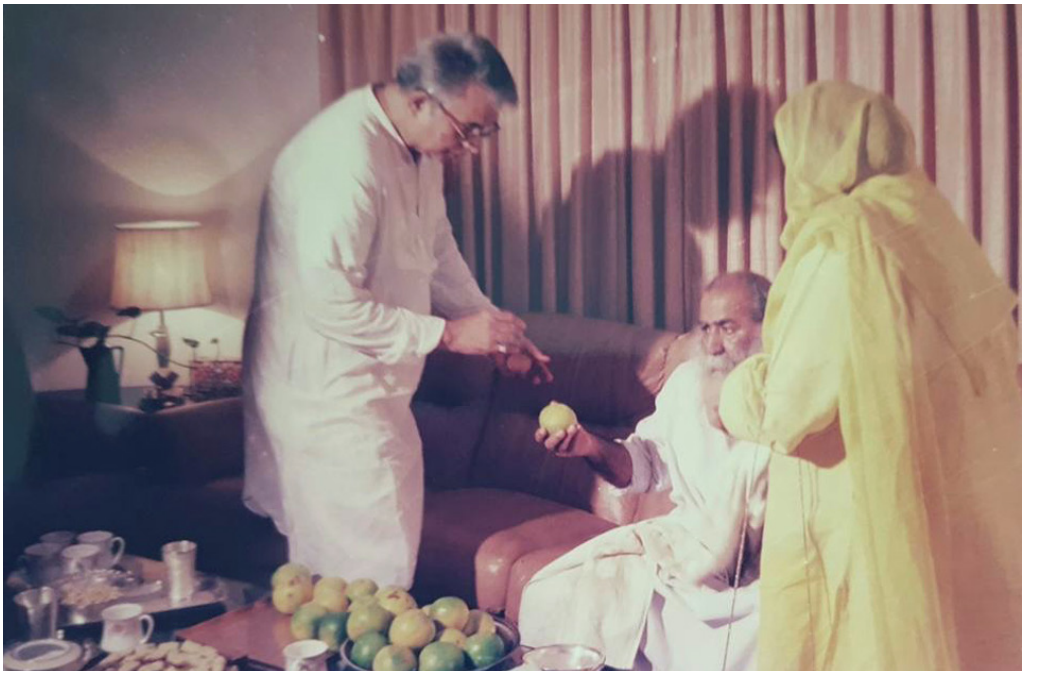
Dadaji with his wife, Bhabhi Radha Chatlani

Dadaji's children

Sheikh Abdul Rahman Zuhair Al Din Al Jilani

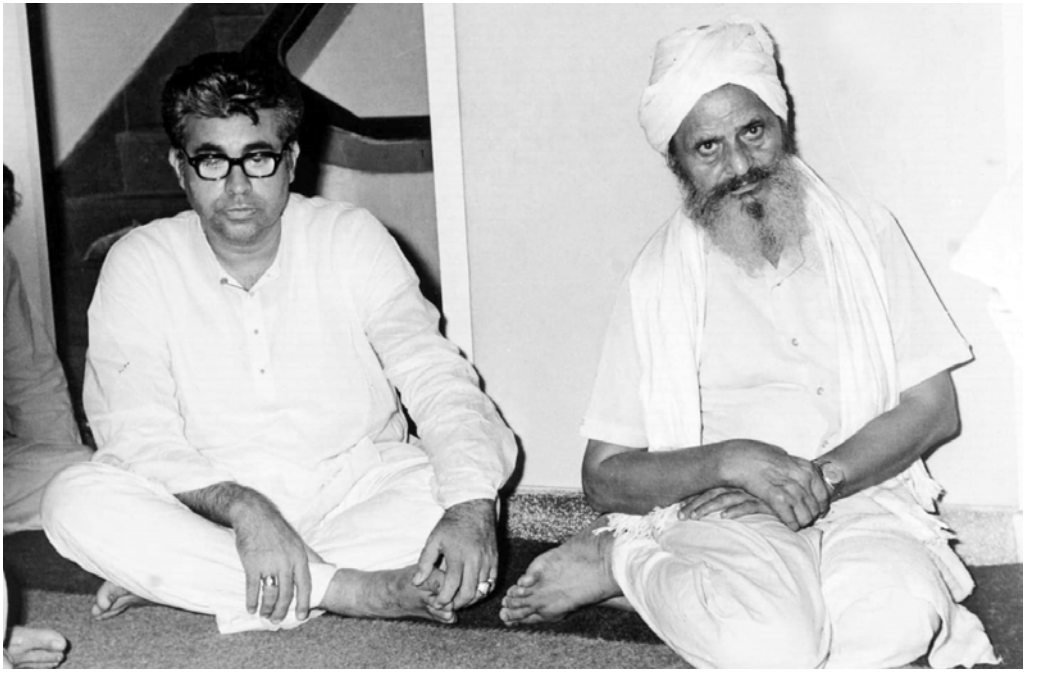
Sheikh Syed Khalid Abdul Qadir Al Mansoor Al Jilani





Baba Gopaldas Sahib (Talib)

Dadaji with Sevadharis

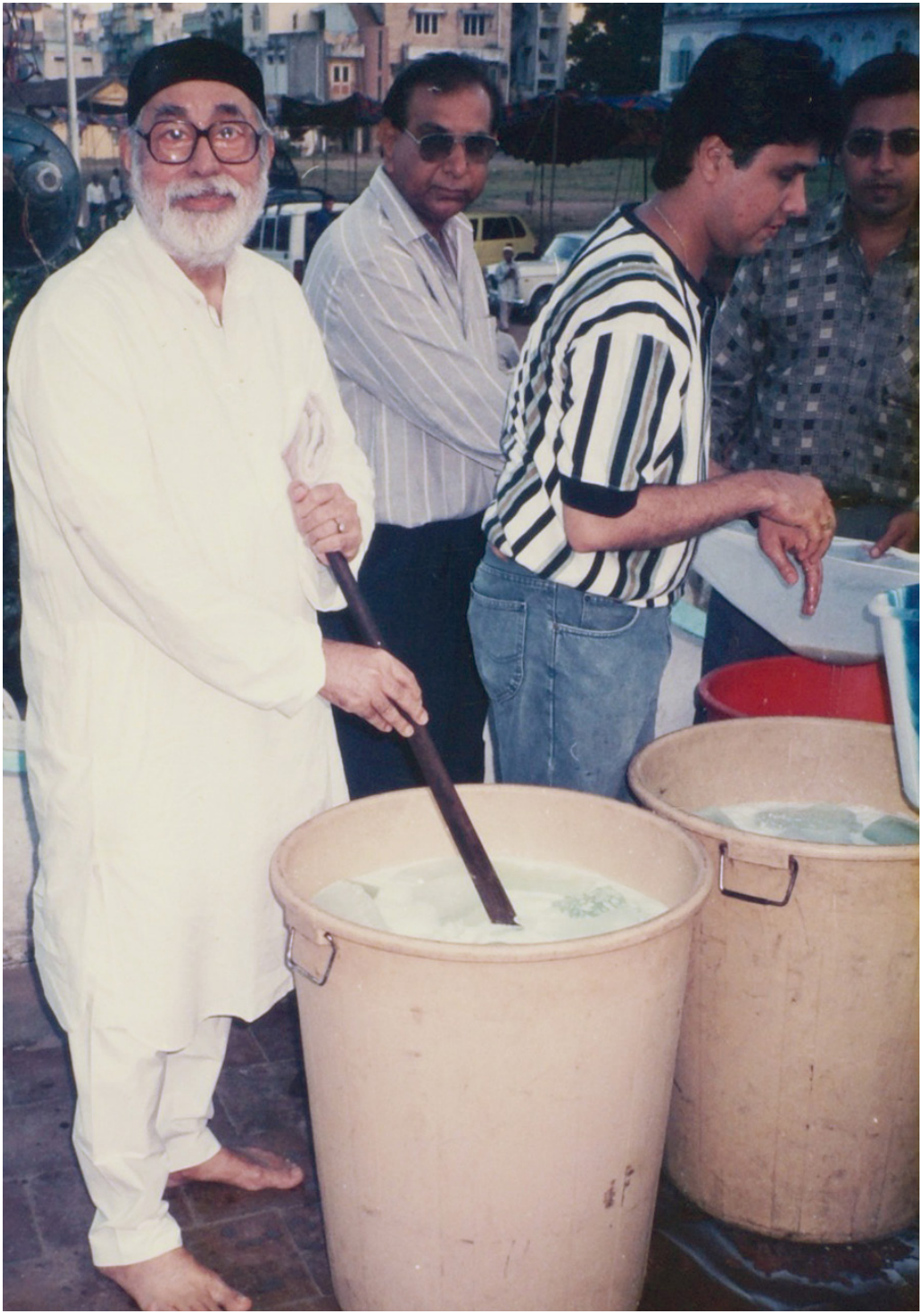


Parsram Jogi Sai

Swami Ji

ONLY SEVEN LADIES
SEVADAARIS ALLOWED
IN KITCHEN.
KINDLY EXCUSE.
THANK YOU !

Dadaji with Sevadharis



Dadaji performs seva at the masjid

Sai Sadhram Sahib

Fakir Muneer Sai

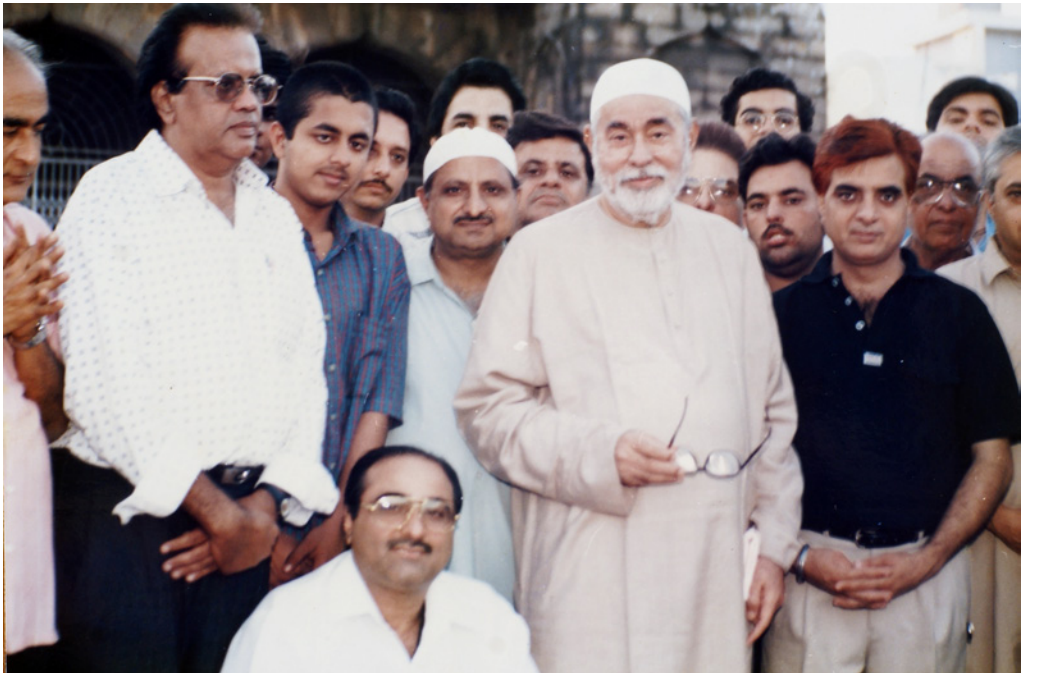
Hazrat Akbar Shah Baba

Sai Preetam Mansharamani

Sai Parmanand Sahib Ji

Sai Kaliram Sahib Ji

Dada J. P. Vaswani & Didi Krishna



Dadaji with Sevadharis

Dadaji's funeral procession

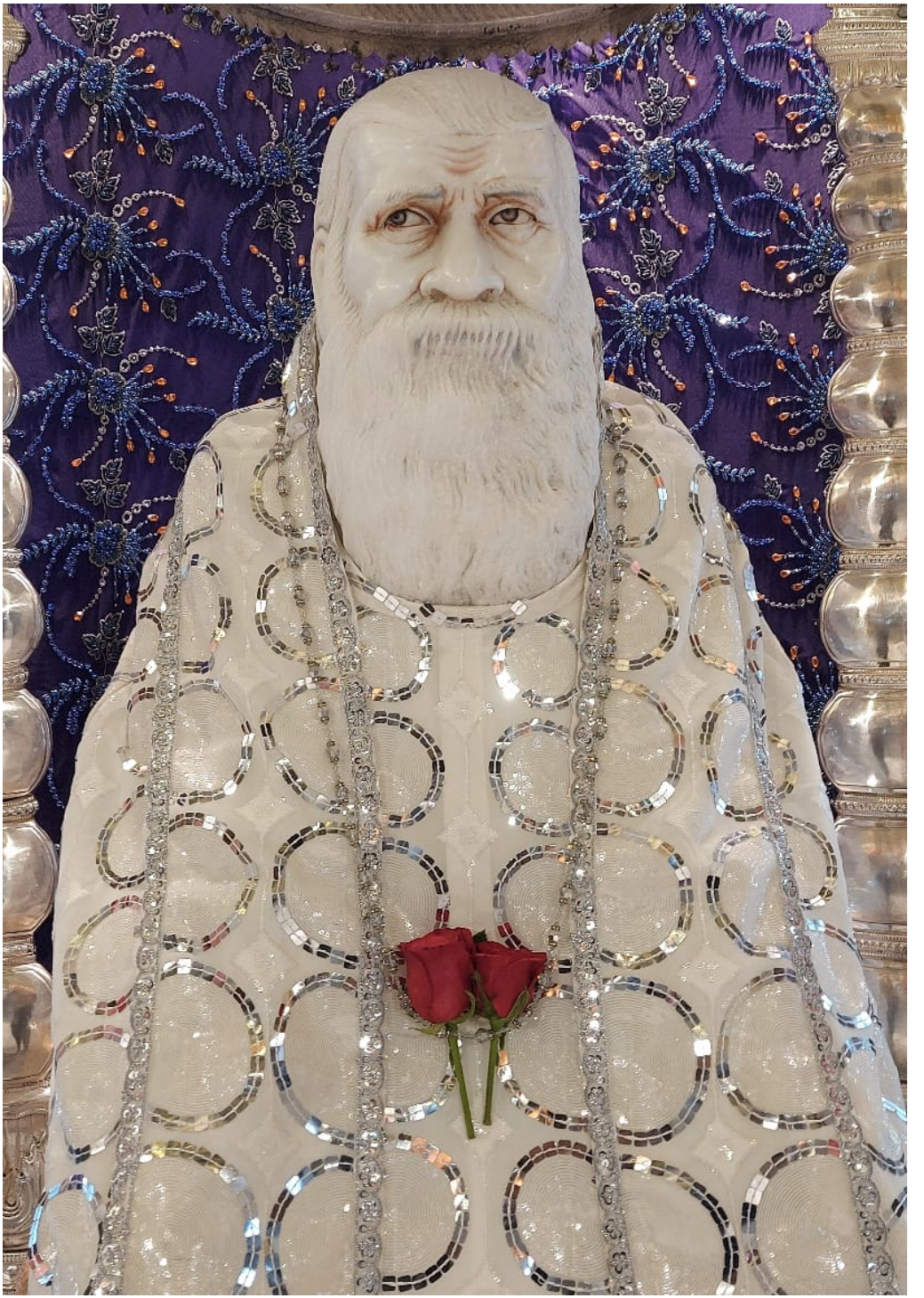
सभी शिवभक्तों का (शिव नगरी)
कैलाशधाम में पधारने पर हार्दिक अभिनन्दन

Dadaji's sons perform the last rites at the Ganga

Dadaji with Sevadharis

Sevadharis

Sufi Dar



GLOSSARY

Aashirwaad – Blessings

Akhar – Word

Akho – Usually an offering of rice, sugar and flowers wrapped in red cloth and put in the ocean as an offering to Jhulelal

Autowalla – Driver of an auto-rickshaw

Bakshish – Charitable giving

Barkat – Abundance, prosperity

Bhaiya – Brother

Bhajan – Hindu devotional songs sung in praise of God

Chadar – A sheet or piece of fabric. In a religious context, fabric is sometimes given as an offering in a Gurdwara or Dargah

Chappal – Slippers

Chola – Robe

Churi – A sweet dish made of ghee, flour and sugar

Darshan – An opportunity to see or an occasion of seeing a holy person or the image of a deity

– An action ordained by divine spirits to be taken to resolve a problem. For example, burning incense before a picture of a particular deity for one week, or chanting a particular mantra for five minutes every morning.

Diya – Clay lamp

Dua – Prayer offered in dargahs and mosques

Fakir – Islamic term traditionally used for sufi muslims who renounce their worldly possessions and dedicate their lives to the worship of god

Fateh – Victory

Ganesh puja – Prayers to Lord Ganesh

Gurbani – The word "bani" of the Guru. Various compositions and hyms by the Sikh gurus and other writers of the Guru Granth Sahib

Gurpurab – A celebration of an anniversary of a Sikh Guru's birth

Gyani – One who has spiritual and religious knowledge

Halwa – A sweet dish usually made with semolina, ghee and sugar

Havan – A ritual where offerings are made into a sacred fire

Hukum – A command or order that is willed or directed

Jaap – Chanting

Jal – Holy water

Jholi – In the context of spirituality, "jholi" is associated with the concept of receiving blessings and abundance from a higher power

Jhulelal – A Hindu water deity

Karah prasad – A Wheat-based pudding given to devotees in a Gurdwara

Kalaam – Devotional poetry sung in Sufism

Kirtan – A musical form of narration, shared recitation, or devotional singing, particularly of religious or spiritual ideas

Koti pranaam – I bow to thee a billion times, infinitely

Mahasamadhi – The state a yogi enters when they consciously make the decision to leave their body

Mahima – Greatness, majestic, splendour

Mannat – Wish

Mandir – Temple

Mangalsutra – A necklace usually worn by Hindu women as a symbol of marital union

Mata – Literally "mother", but often used as a short form to refer to Hindu goddesses such as Durga, Kali and Lakshmi

Misri – Crystallized rock sugar offered to a deity and distributed as prasad to devotees.

Murid – a person who is committed to a *murshid* (spiritual guide) in Sufism

Murshid – A spiritual teacher or guide. The path of Sufism starts when a student (murid) takes an oath of allegiance with a murshid.

Naam – Literally the name of the Gods or God. Naam or shabad is the terms used to describe the sacred word given by a guru to their disciple to recite out loud or silently in meditation. Being given naam often denotes initiation into a religious order

Pandit – Priest

Parivaar – Family

Path – Reading or recitation of holy texts

Pir – A Muslim spiritual guide or saint

Pran Pratishtha – The ceremony by which an image of a god is consecrated in a Hindu temple. Bhajans (hymns) and mantras are recited to invite the deity to be resident and to awaken its consciousness and power before its eyes are opened for the first time.

Prasad – A devotional offering made to a god, typically consisting of food that is later distributed among devotees.

Puja – prayers, or prayer ritual

Sain – Used to refer to a spiritual leader, saint or God

Sangat – The group of men and women who meet religiously

Satguru – True teacher, an enlightened one, spiritual guide

Satsang – A spiritual discourse or sacred gathering, an audience with a Satguru for the purpose of spiritual or yogic instruction

Satsangi – A seeker of truth. Someone who joins in satsang, or a community of people gathered to engage in spiritual dialogue and seeking spiritual truth

Satyanarayan – A religious worship of the Hindu god Vishnu

Sevadhari – Someone engaged in selfless service at a temple, or dargah, or representing these institutions

Seva – Selfless service

Shukur – Gratitude or thankfulness

Shukrana – Gratitude or thankfulness

Sukhmani Sahib – The Gurbani in raga Gauri Sukhmani in the Guru Granth Sahib

Tilak – Application of tilak is a significant tradition in Hindu culture, symbolizing a spiritual connection and awakening of consciousness

Tulsi – Holy basil. A sacred plant in Hinduism

Varsi – Death anniversary of a Sufi saint

SAINTS WHO VISITED SUFI DAR

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